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Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D.

AND

MAINE CONGREGATIONALISM

BY

WILLIAM CUSHING ADAMS, A.B., S.T.B.

*He hath shewed thee, O man, what
is good; and what doth the Lord re-
quire of thee, but to do justly, and to
love mercy, and to walk humbly with
thy God?*

MICAH 6: 8

PORTLAND, MAINE

THE SOUTHWORTH PRESS

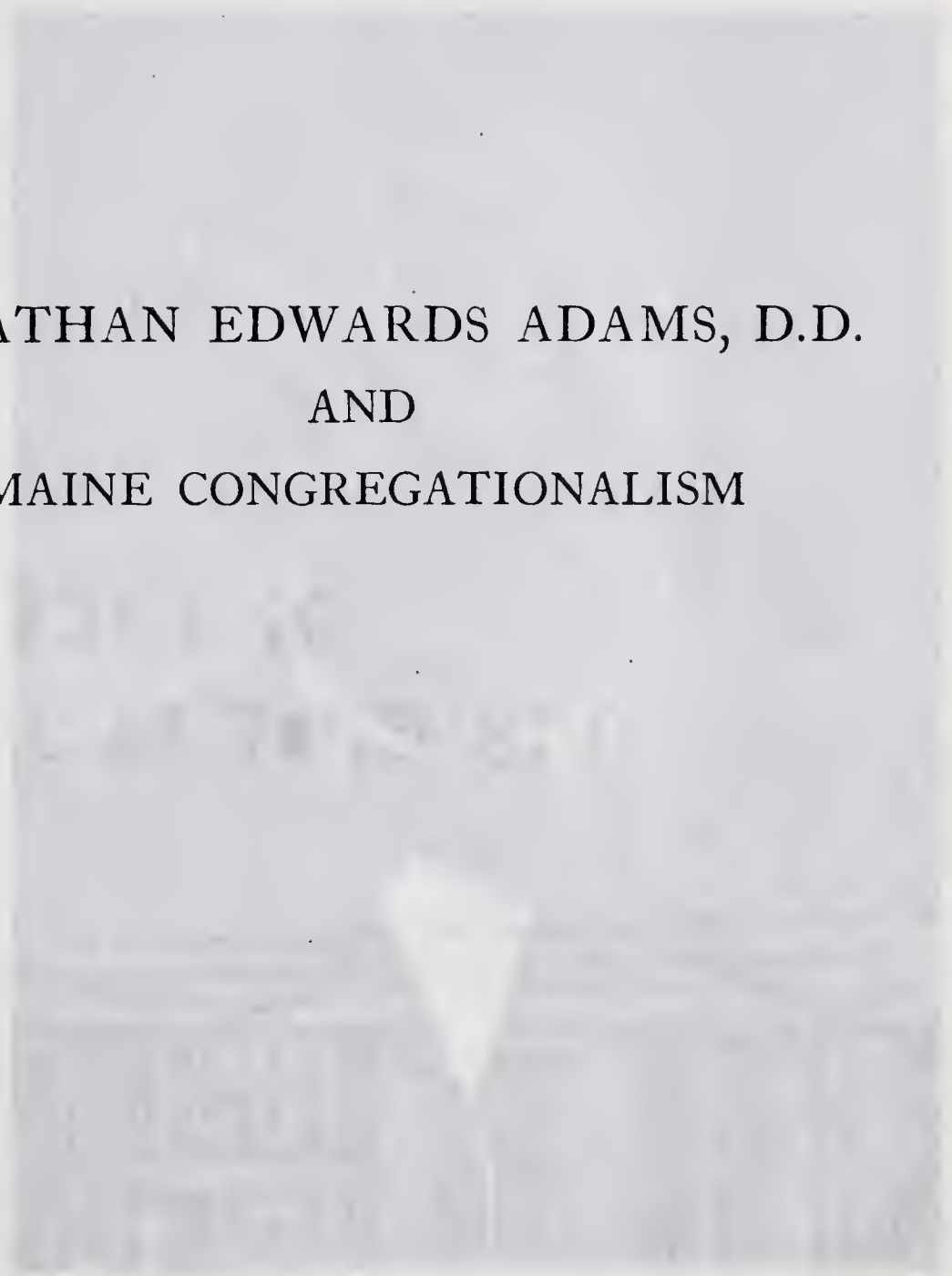
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JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS, D.D.
AND
MAINE CONGREGATIONALISM



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To
THE BLESSED MEMORY OF
MY FATHER AND HIS SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN
ANCESTRY
MY MOTHER AND HER ENGLISH PURITAN LINEAGE
MY TWO OLDER BROTHERS
AND
THE HAPPY HOME LIFE IN BANGOR, MAINE
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

PREFACE

IT is a far cry from the frightful cataclysm of 1914-1918, the trying aftermath during the next decade, the orgy of speculation in 1929, the great world-wide depression of 1932, from which we are slowly emerging, to the Siege of Londonderry, Ireland in 1688-1689. But, it is to that tragic and dramatic period that I turn, as the historic and recorded setting for my father's ancestors.

In the last half of the seventeenth century, three brothers were born in Argyleshire, Scotland, James, William, and Samuel Adams. The name was probably MacAdam, farther back. Driven from Scotland, during the bitter persecution of the Scotch Presbyterians and Covenanters, they found refuge in Ulster County, in the North of Ireland. The three brothers with their parents were among these refugees who suffered the horrors of the Londonderry Siege. Not many years after, several shiploads of these sturdy Scotch Presbyterians, who survived the horrors of warfare and siege, emigrated to America. Londonderry, New Hampshire, was settled by sixteen families of these emigrants in 1718-19. In a short time, about 1721, the three brothers, James, William and Samuel Adams joined these early settlers. William Adams was our ancestor. (See Volume — *The Descendants of James and William Adams*, by Andrew Napoleon Adams.) He was born in Argyleshire, Scotland, in 1688, emigrated to America about 1721, and lived the rest of his life in Londonderry, New Hampshire, where he died in 1761. He is buried in Derry, New Hampshire (a part of Londonderry, New Hampshire), and the date of his death, November 1, 1761, aged 72 years, is recorded on his tombstone.

William Adams was my great, great-grandfather. Samuel Adams, the third of his five sons, was born in 1733, in Londonderry, New Hampshire, but later moved to Boothbay, Maine, and lived there till his death in 1818, at the age of 85. He became a Deacon of the First Congregational Church, and was a man of some prominence in the town. Deacon Samuel Adams had a family of ten children, seven sons and three daughters. His youngest son was Rev. Jonathan Adams, my grandfather, born in Boothbay, Maine, in 1782. He fitted for college at the Academy in New Castle, Maine, graduated from Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1812, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1815. Ordained at Woolwich, Maine, he served that church till 1832. He was the Minister of the First Congregational Church, Deer Isle, Maine, from 1832 to 1852. From 1852 to 1858 he was Minister of the First Congregational Church at Boothbay, where he was born and spent his boyhood. He died in New Sharon, Maine, in 1861, at the age of seventy-eight.

The subject of this Memorial, my father, Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D., was born April 29, 1822, at Woolwich, Maine. He was the oldest of eight children, five sons and three daughters. My father had five sons. As the youngest and last survivor of these sons, the writer of this memorial feels it an imperative duty to record, to the best of his ability, the life and work of Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D., and his long service for Maine Congregationalism.

In this book I have endeavored to portray the life of my father, as a picture, with his Scotch ancestry and religious background; then, beginning with his early life I have gone on through the four college years at Bowdoin quite in detail, followed by three years as Preceptor of St. Stephens Academy, St.

Stephens, New Brunswick; now appears on the canvas the preparatory course of study for the ministry at Bangor Theological Seminary, and student preaching; the ministry at Boothbay, Maine, for a single year; the ordination at New Sharon, Maine, October 19, 1859, and the five years pastorate there; the service in the U. S. Christian Commission in 1863; then the twelve happy years as Minister of the First Congregational Church, Searsport, Maine; the Secretaryship of the Maine Missionary Society for almost twenty years; after forty-five years of noble service for Congregationalism in Maine, comes the closing scene; a few restful years of semi-retirement, and the curtain falls; in his sleep comes the summons, and a worthy prophet of God is translated to the Higher Sphere. As a concluding chapter, I have reproduced the "In Memoriam" book, brought out at the time of his death, in 1901.

Chapter I contains the episode of the attempted rescue of Queen Marie Antoinette by Captain Stephen Clough, Wiscasset, Maine (the author's great-grandfather). This episode may be welcome, in view of the continued interest in the "Player Queen," and the many studies of her life and character. Chapters II, VI and VII furnish, I trust, some new material relative to the history of Bowdoin College. In Chapter III the account of my father's service in the U. S. Christian Commission, in 1863, at Alexandria, Washington and Gettysburg, with selections from his Diary or Service Record-Book, which is deposited in the Bowdoin College Library, may add something of interest and value regarding relief work during the Civil War.

In the Table of Contents I have tried to enumerate the chief events of each chapter with several headings and sub-headings and also reproduced these at the beginning of every chapter.

Finally, I desire to thank all who have given assistance and coöperation in this work which has involved months of research, arranging and rearranging. Especially am I indebted, to Superintendent Roundy and the officers of the Maine Congregational-Christian Conference for their interest and help in this undertaking; to Professor Calvin Montague Clark, D.D., for plates from the *History of the Maine Missionary Society*, and the *History of Bangor Theological Seminary*; to the Maine Council of Deliberation, A.A.S.R., for the plate of my brother's picture; and to Librarian Gerald G. Wilder, of Bowdoin College, for generous assistance in research, and several plates from the *History of Bowdoin College*, by Dr. Hatch.

The quotations or mottoes on the chapter-pages are offered as a literary flavor, and to indicate the trend of the life of Jonathan Edwards Adams.

WILLIAM CUSHING ADAMS

Cambridge, Massachusetts

January 21, 1933

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JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS, D.D.
AND
MAINE CONGREGATIONALISM

CHAPTER I

Let us now praise—our fathers who begat us.
The Lord manifested in them great Glory.
Even his mighty power from the Beginning.

Ecclus. XLIV: 1 and 2.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;
yea, I have a goodly heritage. *Psalms 16:6*

All history shows the power of blood over circumstances, as
agriculture shows the power of the seeds over the soil.

E. P. Whipple

The man of the true quality is not he who labels himself with
genealogical tables, and lives on the reputation of his fathers,
but he in whose conversation and behavior there are references
and characteristics positively unaccountable except on the hypo-
thesis that his descent is pure and illustrious. *Theodore Parker*

CHAPTER I

Scotch Ancestry and Religious Background. The Adams Family of Argyleshire, Scotland.

The Siege of Londonderry—Scotch emigrants settle in Londonderry, New Hampshire—Three brothers, James, William, and Samuel Adams join the settlers—William Adams (1688-1761) our ancestor—Deacon Samuel Adams (1733-1818), son of William—Rev. Jonathan (1782-1861), son of Deacon Samuel, grandson of William—Graduate of Middlebury College in 1812; Andover Theological Seminary in 1815—Ordained at Woolwich, Maine, in 1817—Attempted rescue of Queen Marie Antoinette by Capt. Stephen Clough of Wiscasset, Maine—Rev. Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D. (1822-1901), son of Rev. Jonathan Adams, great-grandson of William Adams—The Sabbath in Puritan New England.

IN the reign of Charles II (1660-1685) many Scotch Presbyterians and Covenanters fled from their homes in Scotland, and joined their friends in the North of Ireland, to escape the cruel persecution of Claverhouse and Viceroy James. Nor were they permitted to live in peace in Ireland when James came to the throne. The memorable Siege of Londonderry in 1688-1689, in which so many Protestants (including some of the emigrants to New Hampshire) suffered, came as the culmination of this persecution.

Speaking of these people and the Siege, James Parton in his *Life of Horace Greeley* wrote: "Of what stuff those Scottish colonists were made their after-history amply and gloriously shows. Ulster was Protestant and Presbyterian; the city of Londonderry was Ulster's stronghold, and it was the chief impediment in the way of James' proposed descent upon Scotland. With what resolution and daring the people of Londonderry, during the ever-memorable siege of that city, fought and endured for Protestantism and freedom, the world well knows. For seven months they held out against a besieging army so numerous, that its slain numbered 9000. The besieged lost 3000 men. When

all food that remained in the city was nine half-starved horses and a pint of meal per man, the people were still resolute. At the very last extremity, they were relieved by a provisioned fleet, and the army of James retired in despair."

Old Londonderry, New Hampshire, as the records show, was settled in 1719, by a company of sixteen Scotch families, who with others of their country-folk to the number of five ship-loads, had come over from the Province of Ulster, in the North of Ireland, landing at Boston in August, 1718. Many of these emigrants scattered, settling in various Massachusetts towns, some in Worcester, Billerica, Dracut and Andover. A portion of them remained in Boston, founding there, under the Rev. John Morehead, the Presbyterian church in Long Lane, afterward Dr. William Ellery Channing's, and later, Dr. Ezra S. Gannet's church in Federal Street.

Sixteen families were sent by Gov. Shute toward Casco Bay in search of a suitable place for settlement. It was late in the year 1718, and they became frozen in at Falmouth, now Portland, Maine, and were compelled to spend the winter on ship-board, under great hardship and privation. In the spring of 1719, not finding land to suit them, they retraced their course, found their way up the Merrimac River to Haverhill, and striking out from there, discovered a tract on which they decided to locate, under the grant received from Massachusetts. This was to become the future town of Londonderry, New Hampshire.

They were soon joined by the Rev. James McGregor, their former pastor in Londonderry County, Ireland, who had passed the winter in teaching at Dracut, Mass. Not being within the Province of Massachusetts-Bay they appealed to the General Court of New Hampshire in order to get a valid title to their township, which they obtained in September, 1719. A meeting-house was built in 1721 and continued in use till 1769. A school-house was built of logs in 1723. The town was originally known

as Nutfield. But in June, 1722, three years after settlement, Nutfield was incorporated as a town by the name of Londonderry; "in commemoration," says Rev. E. L. Parker, historian of Londonderry, "of the city in and near to which most of them had resided."

The town soon became known, and its people became thrifty and influential. Here was made the first linen manufactured in New England. Here was introduced the culture and use of the potato as a food, also the raising of flax, and the manufacture of hollands and threads. A large fair was held in Londonderry, New Hampshire, every spring and fall. These early settlers were sometimes called "the Scotch-Irish," but they were of pure Scotch blood and origin, and while in Ireland had kept themselves almost clannishly aloof from the native inhabitants. According to Hon. Charles H. Bell, of Exeter, New Hampshire: "In Ireland the Scotch Immigrants remained as distinct from the native population, as if they had never crossed the channel. They were among the Irish, but not of them." They were "of Scotch lineage pure and simple." A brave and sturdy race of men, they feared no hardships, but met any danger or peril, to attain their desires. As one has said of them (Rev. J. H. Morison, in his centennial address at Peterborough, New Hampshire, in 1860), "they had struggled, and fought, and suffered amid the moors and mountains and fastnesses of Scotland with a fortitude and heroism unsurpassed. I see in them and their genuine descendants the products of the heaths and highlands of Scotland with their border wars, and of the rich low fields of Ireland with their mirth and clubs, modified afresh by the hardships of a new settlement, and the growing influence of a free country."

The stern devotion of these early settlers to religion was a predominant characteristic. It is related that some families in Windham (a part of Londonderry)—men, women, and children—would walk eight or nine miles to attend meeting at East

Derry, listen to two long sermons, and then return, not reaching their homes till after dark at night. "Not only the shorter, but the longer catechism of the Presbyterian church, was regularly committed and recited by all, both parents and children. For nearly a century the practice of annual family catechising was strictly observed."

As brave and loyal patriots they bore their full share in the French and Indian wars, and sent able men, some officers, to participate in the battles of Bunker Hill, Lexington, Concord, and Bennington. Serving loyally in the American Revolution I find (in the genealogy of the Adams family) the name of Capt. Jonathan Adams (the son of William Adams, our ancestor), born in Derry, New Hampshire, 1729, "a soldier in the Revolution, and captain of the militia." He died in 1820 at the age of ninety-one. Of a grandson of William, and son of Lieut. James, *viz.*, Col. William, born in Derry, New Hampshire, 1755, and living there till his death in 1828, I find this record by Rev. E. L. Parker, historian of Londonderry, New Hampshire: Hon. and Col. William Adams "entered with patriotic zeal the army of the Revolution. He enrolled himself on the first alarm in the company from this town commanded by Capt. George Reed, and was in the battle of Bunker Hill. He served during several campaigns, and was engaged in the battle of Bennington, being severely wounded in the battle." He was colonel of a regiment of the militia for several years; was a representative in the General Court several years, and also a member of the State Senate; filled the most important offices of the town, and, as Rev. E. L. Parker said, "he possessed strongly marked traits of intellectual and moral character, and was distinguished for strength of mind, firmness of purpose and unswerving adherence to principle. He may justly be regarded as having been one of the fathers of the town."

The early settlers at Londonderry, New Hampshire, furnished one signer of the Declaration of Independence, who was President of the Provincial Congress in 1775, Dr. Matthew Thornton, also several members of Congress, and six Governors of New Hampshire.

At the 150th Anniversary, in 1869, there was an eloquent address by Horace Greeley, himself a native of New Hampshire, and sprung from Londonderry stock. In the course of the address he said: "The influence of a race is not measured by the area of the country it inhabits. Greece and Palestine are but specks on the surface of our globe, but exerted far greater influence upon human progress than the empires of Persia and China, in either of which they might both be lost. Scotland is another speck, not nearly so large as Arkansas; yet what poets, philosophers, historians have been proud to claim her as their native land. The Scotch-Irish were eminently men of conviction—saw clearly, reasoned fearlessly and didn't hesitate to follow wherever truth led the way. Migrating to Ireland cracked the shell of their insular prejudice; removal thence to America completed their emancipation. Liberalized by crossing a straight, the passage of a stormy ocean made them freemen."

At this same 150th Anniversary, in 1869, the Chairman Patterson said: "Everywhere you go you will see descendants of old Londonderry, and wherever one is met, you will find him every inch a man. They are the true representatives of civil and religious liberty."

Many eminent Americans trace their lineage back to Scotch ancestry, transplanted for a time in Ulster County, Ireland by Viceroy James. I have seen it stated that nine Presidents of the United States are in this Scotch-Irish line of descent.

The first settlers of Londonderry, New Hampshire, were the descendants of the colony which emigrated from Argyleshire, Scotland, and settled in the North of Ireland, in the Province

of Ulster, about the middle of the seventeenth century. (See Belknap's *History of New Hampshire*.) Adhering firmly to the doctrine and discipline of the Presbyterian church, they partook largely in the sufferings, which were endured by the Protestants in that unhappy country, during the persecutions in the reign of Charles II and James, until William ascended the British throne. The condition of these people in Ireland was somewhat improved under William III (1689-1702). Their industry and thrift made Ulster flourishing and contented. It is said, "that the valley of the Bann, the parishes of Coleraine, Ballymoney, Ballywoolen, Ballywatick and Kilrea, in the counties of Londonderry and Antrim, were like a garden where peaches blossom in the air in March." But they did not belong to the Established Church, and so suffered from taxation and more or less discrimination from the Established Order. And so it was only natural that these independent and free men should, in a few years, turn their gaze longingly toward America, the land of freedom and opportunity.

The ancestral home of our branch of the Adams family so far as records show was Argyleshire, Scotland. Originally the name was probably MacAdam. Three brothers, James, William, and Samuel Adams came from the North of Ireland, Londonderry, Ulster County to Londonderry, New Hampshire, about 1721, soon after the first settlers. Some, if not all of the three brothers, were born in Argyleshire, Scotland, and were driven by the persecution of James, under the reign of Charles I (1660-1685) to seek refuge in Ireland. They, and their fellow refugees, were of the type of the sturdy Covenanters and Scotch Presbyterians, men of the stuff to make good colonists in a new country. New Hampshire was then a wilderness.

William Adams, our ancestor, was born in 1688, perhaps in Londonderry, Ireland, at the time of the memorable siege of that city. In 1721 the three brothers came to Londonderry, New

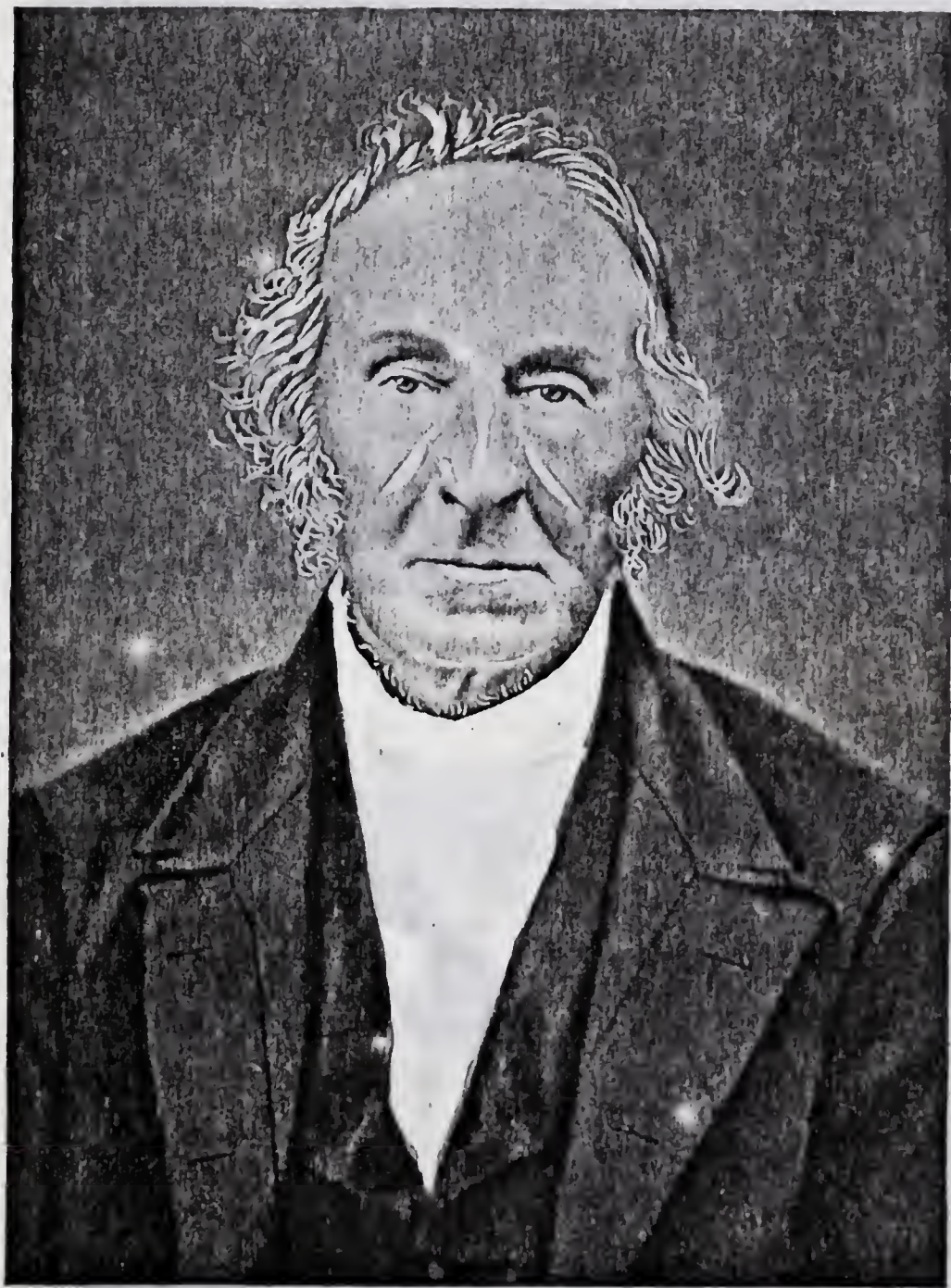
Hampshire. There, William Adams lived until his death November 1, 1761, aged 72 years. An old moss-covered slate tombstone in the graveyard at Derry, New Hampshire, records these dates. From the genealogy, *Descendants of James and William Adams*, by Andrew N. Adams, of Fair Haven, Vt., published by the author for the use of the families whose records herein appear, in 1894, I wish to make the following quotation: "After long and careful study the writer is disposed to the belief, that William Adams, who settled in Londonderry about 1721, was a younger brother (*i.e.* of James). Rev. Jonathan E. Adams, D.D., of Bangor, Maine, a son of Rev. Jonathan Adams, of Boothbay, Maine, and a descendant of William, states that his father always said, that three brothers, James, William, and Samuel, came from the North of Ireland, and settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire, and in 1830, his father visited his relatives, the descendants of William, in Derry, and greatly enjoyed the visit." Rev. E. L. Parker, in his *History of Londonderry, N. H.*, records that: "William Adams emigrated from the North of Ireland to this town, soon after its settlement, and settled upon the farm now owned by Nath. Brown." He had five sons, all born in Derry, New Hampshire.

Deacon Samuel Adams, third son of William Adams, was born in Derry, New Hampshire, April 3, 1733. He married Sarah Reed, of Boothbay, Maine, in 1762. He settled in Boothbay, Maine, at an early day, and died there May 15, 1818, at the age of eighty-five. His widow died in 1828 at the age of eighty-four. May 7, 1766, Samuel Adams, of Boothbay, Maine, made a deed of one-half of 123 acres in Londonderry, New Hampshire, to James Adams, of Londonderry, New Hampshire. February 17, 1791, he gave a deed to William Adams of Boothbay, probably his son, and both are called "house-wrights."

I find this record of my great-grandfather in the *History of Boothbay, Maine*, by Francis B. Greene, published in 1857:

"Deacon Samuel Adams founded the family of that name in Boothbay, Maine. He was born in Derry (formerly Londonderry), New Hampshire, April 3, 1733. His father William, and an uncle, James, came to America in 1721. They settled at Londonderry, New Hampshire, a prominent point at that time, with other Scotch-Irish immigrants, and died there. It is said they were born in Argyleshire, Scotland. James, the older, married in Ireland, but William is thought to have married in America; his wife's name was Mary, and the oldest child was born in 1726. Deacon Samuel owned 320 acres of land on the west side of Adams Pond (then called Long Pond). He was a carpenter, building the First Church of Boothbay, and several of the frame houses. (He became a Deacon of the old First Church, which he built.) The records plainly show him a man of promise and influence in the town. He died in Boothbay, Maine, in 1818, at the age of 85."

Rev. Jonathan Adams (my grandfather), son of Deacon Samuel Adams, was the youngest of ten children, seven boys and three girls. He was born in Boothbay, Maine, July 5, 1782. Having prepared for college at Newcastle, Maine, in a school taught by Rev. Dr. N. S. S. Beman in 1808-1809, he graduated from Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., in 1812. While he was in college, as I recall a remark of my father's, he was a gifted writer, and completed a play in the classical form. He graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1815. I have among the treasured books in my library his copy of Hugh Blair's *Rhetoric*, published in 1815. A few other choice books of his might be mentioned; Butler's *Analogy*, first American edition, 1809; Jonathan Edwards Works, first American edition; *Christian Observer*, Vol. I (1802) from the London edition; bound volume of sermons (from 1808 to 1815) including a sermon at the First Anniversary of the Maine Missionary Society (1808), by Rev. Jonathan Scott, V.D.M., at Hallo-



REV. JONATHAN ADAMS (1782-1861)

First of Three Generations of the Adams Family in the
Congregational Ministry in Maine



REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS, D.D.
At time of Ordination 1859



REV. WILLIAM CUSHING ADAMS
Third Generation (1907)
Ten Years after Ordination in 1897

well, Maine, and several other sermons for special occasions; Curtius (in Latin), 1597; Seneca (in English), 1649; old editions of Pierpont's American First Class Book, and Lindley Murray's English Reader. Also an old edition of Walker's Dictionary.

Rev. Jonathan Adams was ordained and settled over the First Congregational Church at Woolwich, Maine, in the early Spring of 1817, and this notice appeared in the April, 1817 issue of the *Christian Disciple*, with the following order of exercises:

Introductory Prayer by Rev. J. W. Ellingwood, Bath; Sermon by Rev. W. Jenks, Bath; Ordaining Prayer by Rev. E. Gillet, Hallowell (the first Sec. of the Maine Missionary Society); Charge to the Pastor by Rev. J. Winship, Woolwich; Charge to the Society by Rev. K. Bailey, New Castle; Right hand by Rev. H. Packard; Concluding Prayer by Rev. D. M. Mitchell, Waldoboro.

In June, 1821, Rev. Jonathan Adams married Hannah Antoinette Clough, daughter of Captain Stephen Clough, of Wiscasset, Maine. She was the youngest of Captain Clough's three daughters, born January 19, 1798, surviving my grandfather by three years, and died in Edgecomb, Maine, August 24, 1864.

It is interesting to cherish the tradition in our family of the attempted rescue of Queen Marie Antoinette by Capt. Stephen Clough. It is well authenticated in the family tradition, and the story has been told in several books and magazines. The volume, *Maine My State*, by the Maine Writer's Research Club, published in 1919, has an interesting chapter, in story form, entitled, "Rosalind of Squam Island," by Maude Clark Gay. *Maine of the Seas and Pines*, by N. H. Dole, and J. L. Gordon, appeared in 1928, giving three pages to the Marie Antoinette episode. In a more recent book, published in 1929, entitled, *Marie Antoinette, The Player Queen*, by John Garber Palache, I find this record:

"An American sea-captain of Wiscasset, Maine, had sailed to France to rescue Marie Antoinette. He furnished with clothes and all available accessories his ship in which he planned to bring her back. He sent her a note like Rougeville's, in a bouquet, but, unlike Rougeville's, it did not reach her. This man was *Stephen Clough*, his boat the *Sally*; and when he returned without the Queen he moved into a house the things he had collected for her use; and this so-called "House of Marie Antoinette" still stands."*

I can add to the various accounts of the attempted rescue of Marie Antoinette, a few facts about Capt. Stephen Clough, from a careful study of the genealogical records and Cyrus Eaton's *History of Thomaston, Maine*, also from traditions in the family. Capt. Stephen Clough married Sarah Decker, daughter of Capt. Joseph Decker of Wiscasset, Maine, a prosperous ship-master. Captain Decker lived in the two-storied colonial mansion, on Squam Island, which was later moved across the bridge to North Edgecomb, Maine, and became known as the Marie Antoinette House. He was the owner of vessels, which did an extensive business with France, under command of Capt. Stephen Clough, his son-in-law. These vessels, as I understand, sailed from Maine to Havre, France, in the export and import trade. The *Sally*, a vessel owned and outfitted by Captain Decker, and probably named for his wife Sarah, was under the command of Capt. Stephen Clough, who made the attempt in 1793 to rescue Queen Marie Antoinette. On the death of Captain Decker, the son-in-law with his wife and family moved into his house at Edgecomb, Maine. Sarah Decker Clough, oldest of the three daughters, born in 1790, may have had a dim recollection of being told about those stirring days of 1793, and the following eventful years. She was perhaps called Sally, as in

* *Marie Antoinette* (p. 284), *The Player Queen*, by John Garber Palache, Longmans, Green & Co., 1929.

the case of her mother. My grandmother, Hannah Antoinette Clough, was the youngest daughter of Capt. Stephen Clough, born in 1798, and was the first to be named after the Queen. All through her childhood, she must have listened eagerly to her father's thrilling tales of adventure. There is a family tradition that Capt. Stephen Clough was present at the execution of the unhappy Queen. Then, there were various mementoes of the Queen's furniture, vases, pieces of her dress, and the like, kept in the family, or given to some museum. As a small boy (I can but dimly recall the visit), I visited in the Marie Antoinette House, in Edgecomb, Maine. It was then owned and occupied by my uncle, Capt. Enoch Chase and my aunt, Sarah Clough Chase, a younger sister of my father. Then, again, the name Antoinette has appeared repeatedly in the family, from the time of my grandmother, Hannah Antoinette Clough.

In 1832 Rev. Jonathan Adams removed from Woolwich to Deer Isle, Maine, where he was settled over the First Congregational Church of Deer Isle for twenty years, till 1852. From the book *Historical Sketch of Deer Isle*, by Hosmer, published in 1886, I quote the following, in regard to his pastorate: "In 1832 Rev. Jonathan Adams became pastor of the church, and continued as such about twenty years, at a salary of four hundred dollars and the use of the parsonage farm. In 1838 an extensive revival of religion took place and on August 12 fifty-seven persons were admitted to the church; on September 9 twenty-eight were added, and on November 4 twenty-seven were added. On November 18 twenty-nine also were added—in all one hundred and forty-one persons." During this year of revival (1838), it is fitting here to observe, his son, Jonathan E. Adams, became a member of the church at the age of sixteen. To continue Hosmer's narrative: "In 1852, Jonathan Adams ceased to be pastor of the church, and removed to Boothbay, where he preached for some time. He was an able preacher, and

had many friends here. In 1846, his son William perished at sea on board the brig *Lincoln*. Two others, Capt. David E. Adams and Charles Adams were lost at sea together in one vessel." I would add to this account that another son, Samuel Sewall Adams, graduated from Bowdoin College in 1855; he was a roommate of my father in 1851-1853. For three years after graduation, Samuel was engaged in teaching in Gardiner, Boothbay and Lincoln. While in the last place he was led to consecrate himself to the Christian ministry, and was preparing to enter the Seminary at Bangor when he was siezed with pneumonia, which resulted in his death in the West. That left Jonathan Edwards Adams as the sole surviving son.

To continue the record of Rev. Jonathan Adams, on leaving Deer Isle, Maine, he removed to Boothbay, Maine, and became the pastor of the First Congregational Church (which his father, Samuel Adams, had built), from 1852 to 1858. Here I would refer to the *History of Boothbay*, by F. B. Greene, where I find this record: "Rev. Jonathan Adams was pastor of the First Congregational Church, Boothbay from Oct. 18, 1852 to 1858. For several months at the last of his engagement, the services of his son Rev. J. E. Adams, then recently graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary, and pastor of the Boothbay Harbor Society, were substituted." In 1859, Rev. Jonathan Adams then went to live with his son at New Sharon, Maine, and died there in 1861. To continue from the *History of Boothbay*: "He was of the Congregational faith, and influential in his denomination. His son, Rev. J. E. Adams, though not born in town, was in the ancestral town of his family, as pastor and visitor, well known to all, and a son who followed in his father's footsteps."

I have relied on the records for an account of the ministry of Rev. Jonathan Adams, and am able to add very little, based on some occasional remarks of my father. The church services were unduly long in the early part of the nineteenth century, a long

prayer, and longer sermon, at least an hour long by the hour-glass. After a short intermission for refreshment and warmth by the great log-fire in the fireplace of the "Noon-House" or "Sabbath-day House," or whatever this place of refuge was called, came the afternoon service, which was nearly as lengthy as the morning service. Attendants, who lived any distance, were fortunate to get home before dark, at least in the fall and winter months. For an interesting account of church services and customs in early days I would recommend anyone to read: *The Sabbath in Puritan New England*, by Alice Morse Earle, published in 1891 by Charles Scribners' Sons.

When I was a young boy my father took my older brother Fr deric and myself on a visit of several days at the home of the minister in Deer Isle, Maine. I have a dim recollection the old first meeting-house was still standing, not in use, because of a modern church building, but open to visitors to see the old square pews, galleries, and pulpit. As I remember, my father said that in his youth he played a bass-viol or double-bass with others on their musical instruments to assist the choir in the old First Church at Deer Isle. I remember his speaking of the custom in his father's day of the minister wearing black gloves in the pulpit. Note also the white neck scarf in the portrait of Rev. Jonathan Adams. It was a custom (dare I mention it, in this day of National Prohibition, 1932) for the Sexton to bring the Minister a small glass of wine just before he entered the pulpit. My grandfather wrote his sermon all in one day, on a Tuesday, with only a cup of tea for refreshment at midday. He must have had a fair-sized library, as minister's libraries were in his day. I have already spoken of a few of his choice books. My father had about two hundred of his theological books, bound in sheepskin or heavy blue pasteboard, and I believe several hundreds more of a literary character were given to others of his large family. It was a pleasure for me to send a few score of these old theolo-

gical books to the First Congregational Church at Deer Isle. I preached there once, over thirty years ago, in my grandfather's church, and also called on some of the elderly people, over eighty or ninety years of age, who remembered my grandfather in their early youth. Some of them remarked, if you should come to settle over this church, many of us would always be comparing you with your grandfather, and I gathered that it would not be altogether to my advantage.

I have about filled the desirable limits of this first chapter, in dealing with the ancestry and religious background of the Adams family, and so I leave for the following chapters the account of my father's early life and education at Bowdoin College, in the Class of 1853, followed by three years as Preceptor of St. Stephen's Academy, St. Stephen's, New Brunswick, his course at Bangor Theological Seminary, graduating in the Class of 1858, and the beginning of his ministry.

CHAPTER II

Education is our only political safety. Outside of this ark all is deluge.

Horace Mann

Do not ask if a man has been through college; ask if a college has been through him—if he is a walking university.

E. H. Chapin

The college appealing immediately to the mental part, is yet to train every part. It is doing its duty only when it causes man to regulate appetite, to crush passion, to guide desires, to quicken affections, to prevent wrong, and to stimulate right choices.

President Charles F. Thwing

Bowdoin College

Dear Alma Mater, fair and free,
Honoring ourselves, we honor thee!

May patriot valor from the field
With equal honor hold thy shield,
And on thy front in beauty twine,
Athena's crown, Peucinia's pine.

Charles P. Roberts

Bowdoin '45

CHAPTER II

Early Life and Education. Bowdoin College and the Class of 1853.

Jonathan Edwards Adams born in Woolwich, Maine, April 29, 1822—Early life at Woolwich (1822-1832)—Narrow escape from drowning—Deer Isle, Maine (1832-1852)—Accident at sea—Second Providential escape from death—Mercantile life at Camden, Maine—Preparation for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.—Bowdoin College (1849-1853)—Detailed account of four college years—The Curriculum—President Woods and the Faculty—Literary and Greek Letter Societies—Climbs Chapel Tower to ring bell for Morning Prayers—Public Exhibition of the Senior and Junior Classes—Roommates—Classmates—Graduates September 7, 1853—Commencement part—Phi Beta Kappa—Letters from Classmates in his Bowdoin album—Bishop Spaulding—Chief Justice Fuller—John Leland Crosby—T. R. Simonton—William A. Wheeler—Walking trip to the top of Mount Washington.

JONATHAN Edwards Adams, son of Rev. Jonathan Adams and Hannah Antoinette Clough Adams, was born in Woolwich, Maine, April 29, 1822. He was the oldest of eight children, five sons and three daughters. I have already referred to his four brothers, who, with one of his sisters, died long before I was born. I well remember the two remaining sisters: Antoinette E. Adams, who married George Beaman Kenniston, of Boothbay, Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, in the Class of 1861; also, Sarah Clough Adams, who married Capt. Enoch Chase, of Edgecomb, Maine. I have already told of visiting my Aunt Sarah Clough Chase, in the "Marie Antoinette House." She survived my father only a few years, the last of the children of Rev. Jonathan Adams. Two or three visits in the home of my Aunt Antoinette Kenniston, in Boothbay, Maine, are also fresh in my memory. My Uncle George B. Kenniston served his country faithfully in the Civil War, being promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. After thirteen months in rebel prisons, he was "honorably discharged" for disability contracted in the serv-

ice. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1874. Settling in Boothbay, Maine, he represented his district in the Legislature, and became inspector of customs at that port. Later he was appointed Judge of Probate. Of their six children only one survives, the youngest daughter, married and living in New York City. However, there are several descendants of the Kennistons, and Chases, and a granddaughter of Capt. David Adams, my father's brother, Mrs. Ida Adams Duncan, wife of James D. Duncan, resides in Searsport, Maine.

Of my father's early life at Woolwich, Maine, he told me of only two or three incidents, one of which is worthy of note. At the age of eight, he narrowly escaped drowning, and was rescued by another boy, who grasped the long hair of his head, as he was going down for the third time. Here, I would refer to a second providential escape from death, in his young manhood. It happened in this way: after spending his early youth, working on the extensive parsonage farm at Deer Isle, Maine, he felt a strong desire to earn enough money to obtain a suitable education for the Christian ministry. For this purpose he went to sea, as a sailor, with one of the captains in his father's parish, engaged in the coastwise trade. He followed this life for about three years, when a severe fall from the main-top-gallant yard put an end to his nautical career. He was picked up from the deck, supposedly dead. But, with proper care, he came to life, with a badly broken arm, and other bruises and injuries, that only time could heal. That narrow escape from death led him to enter into mercantile pursuits, to further his plans for an education. These two narrow escapes from death lead me to believe, that a Divine Providence purposed, that he should give years of service to Maine Congregationalism.

The next move, after the accident at sea, was to obtain work as clerk in a dry-goods store in Camden, Maine. Among his fellow-clerks was Thaddeus R. Simonton, and he and my father

were later to enter Bowdoin College, in the Class of 1853. I shall have quite a little to say of the Class of '53 in the course of this chapter, but here is a fitting place to give the letter of Thaddeus R. Simonton, in my father's Bowdoin Class Album. I believe, that of all the Class of '53 Albums, only one other exists, that of Puffer, now in the Bowdoin College Library. I have presented my father's Class Album to the same Library.

The Simonton letter will throw light on the Camden days, as follows:

Bowdoin College
July, 1853

My dear Adams,

With none in my class have I been so long acquainted as with yourself. We first met as "clerks," in which capacity we flourished with a dignity and consequence, which we shall never again experience. I shall never forget how I envied you, at first, your coolness in waiting upon the ladies, how, I thought, if I could only "do likewise," that I should have attained the apex of my desires. It always seemed to me as if the girls were laughing at my short jacket and agricultural fingers to which the silk would stick; which always set me into such an ebullition of feeling, that I wished myself at home digging potatoes. After leaving Camden, to fit yourself for college, I saw you not again till one day you passed by me (while I was washing a wagon in the brook) on your way hither to undergo the "fiery ordeal" of entering college. From that time, we have been intimately associated together as collegians, classmates, and friends. And, I have found you the same good-hearted, social fellow. We are soon to part, how sad the thought. I can hardly realize, that ere two short months, our class will be separated, never again, probably, all to be united.

I hope I shall meet you often, Adams. Wherever you may be, I shall always be happy to learn of your good fortune.

Believe me
Your true friend
THAD R. SIMONTON

After the mercantile experience in Camden, there was the period of preparation for college. Jonathan E. Adams pursued his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Andover, under Joseph P. Drummond, at Deer Isle, under Charles A. Spofford, and at Hampden Academy, under William Baker. He entered

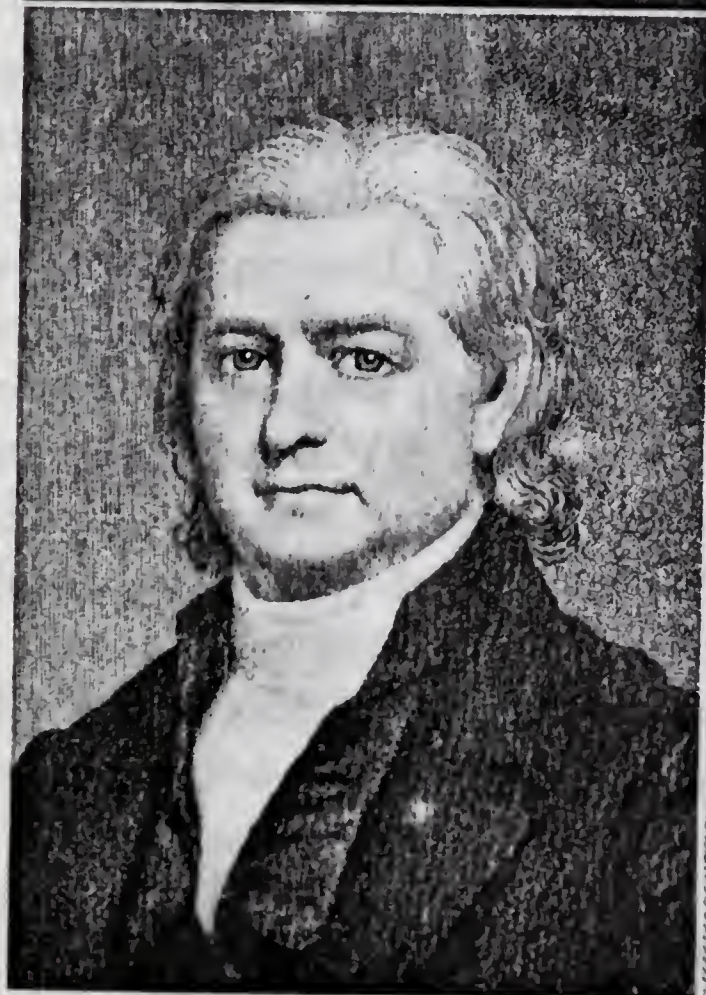
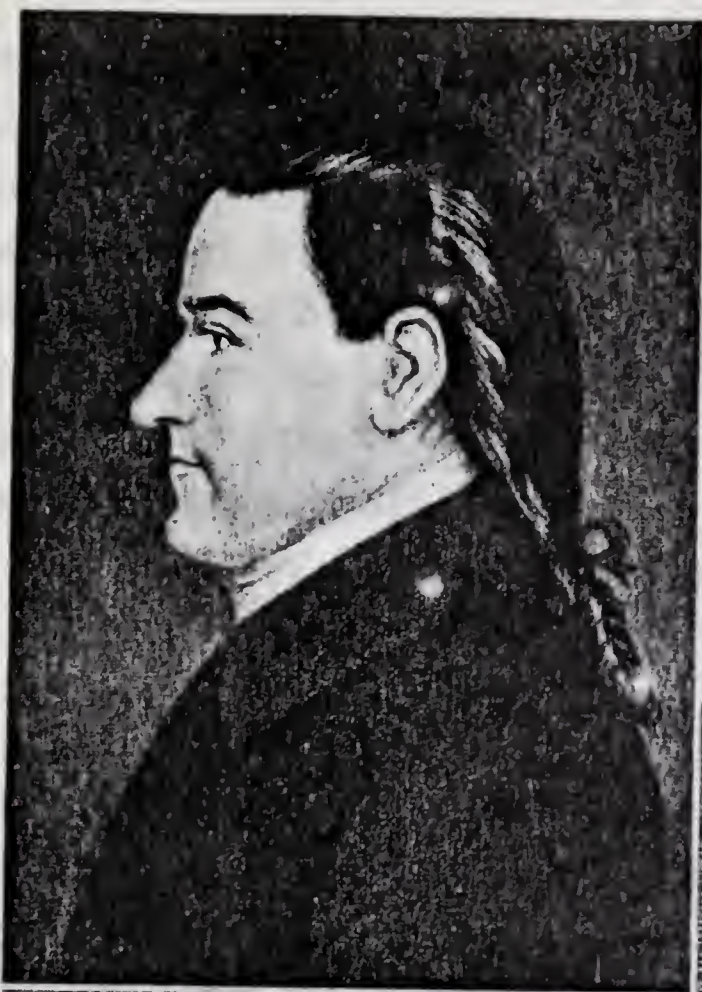
the Freshman Class of Bowdoin College in the fall of 1849. Among the chief sources of a somewhat full account of his college course, are the very elaborate Reports of the Class of 1853, especially of the Twentieth Reunion in 1873, with fine cuts of the Bowdoin Faculty, and of the members of the class at graduation, also twenty years later. These Reunion Reports followed every five years, up to the Fiftieth Reunion in 1903. I have them all. The Twentieth Reunion Report, a veritable mine of Bowdoin reminiscences, was the work of William A. Wheeler, then Secretary of the Class of 1853, who had then become well known as lexicographer, Shakespearian scholar, and Assistant Superintendant of the Boston Public Library. Another source is my father's Bowdoin Album of letters from classmates, of which I shall give several selections.

He was late in entering college, but there was then developed a knowledge of practical life, in a man of deep religious experience, following his conversion in 1838, during the religious revival in Deer Isle, Maine. I believe that my father resolved to study for the ministry, soon after his conversion and admission to the church, at the age of sixteen. There was the interval of about ten years, spent in a seafaring life and mercantile pursuits, before he was ready to enter college. In his day a college education was considered an essential preparation for the study of theology. He did not select his father's Alma Mater, Middlebury College, in Vermont, but turned to a Congregational institution in his native state, Bowdoin College, of Brunswick, Maine.

To "Old Bowdoin," as it was then affectionately called, and to his classmates, he early gave his whole-hearted devotion. To this love for Bowdoin College he ever remained steadfast. He was fortunate to be a member of the Class of 1853. Its members made a very creditable name for Bowdoin, '53, in after years, in law, medicine, ministry, literature, and business. Melville W. Fuller was destined to become Chief Justice of the Supreme



BOWDOIN COLLEGE IN 1853



PRESIDENT MCKEEN
PRESIDENT ALLEN

PRESIDENT APPLETON
PRESIDENT WOODS

Court of the United States. William A. Wheeler became a well-known librarian, lexicographer and Shakespearian scholar. Thaddeus R. Simonton became a lawyer, and "one of the state's best platform speakers, eloquent as a lecturer, versatile as a debater, and most convincing as a pleader." His simple story of the Thorndike Oak, told at a gathering of the Alumni in 1879, inspired Mrs. Frances L. Mace, one of Maine's sweetest poets, to write the poem commencing:

Ye breezy boughs of Bowdoin's Oak,
Sing low your summer rune;
In murmuring, rhythmic tones respond
To every breath of June.

John L. Crosby entered upon a successful and honorable financial career, in Bangor, Maine, holding many responsible positions. He served the Maine Missionary Society for many years, as its Treasurer, also holding the same position in Bangor Theological Seminary. E. C. Cummings became a writer of merit, crowning his literary career with the book, *Nature in Scripture*. John Franklin Spaulding entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, wrote several important books, including *Jesus Christ The Proof of Christianity*, and was made Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Colorado, which office he held with great honor for over twenty-five years. And Jonathan Edwards Adams, after serving the Maine Congregational Churches faithfully for nearly fifty years, was lovingly termed by his successor, Rev. David P. Hatch, Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, as "qualified in a marked degree for the Congregational Bishopric of the state."

On entering college one of the first necessities is the choice of a suitable roommate. How William Henry Todd came to room with Jonathan E. Adams is revealed in his letter in the Bowdoin Album as follows:

Bowdoin College

July 16, 1853

My dear Jonathan:

I know the feelings which prompted you to leave so large a space for me in your Album. And while I am deeply grateful for this evidence of your kindly feeling, I can not but wish that you had given me less. Even if I succeed in filling it, you will then have no stronger evidence of my warm love and esteem, than could be expressed in a single page, or a few lines. We have not been chums for one year, and warm friends for four, without my discovering those noble, manly, and social qualities for which you are so well known. They stick right out on a first acquaintance.

Perhaps, we never should have been chums, if the good old Prof. Upham had not possessed a kind heart, which prompted him to take such warm interest in unsophisticated Freshmen. He first proposed and arranged that we should chum together. For this one good deed he has my heartiest thanks. I well remember the time and circumstances, under which you presented yourself to my wondering gaze as my future chum. How queer it seemed to find a perfect stranger, quietly settled down and perfectly at home in my own room. But, the distant feeling which first came over me, soon gave way to a feeling of friendship, which ripened into the warm feeling of love and esteem. These two qualities must exist in a true and lasting friendship. Our's is such. How many good times have we had in that "old fourth story room." We never shall think of our "chumship," without calling that to mind. I haven't forgotten the intense satisfaction displayed upon your countenance, while I was being devoured by mosquitoes, and you were exempt from torture,—neither, the comfort you took, while I sought, lamp in hand, not like Diogenes of old, "for an honest man," but for those murderers. "Lynch Law" was the word, my will being the only Judge. Let their blood, sucked from my veins, be upon their own heads. Memory, without my mentioning them, will call up the many pleasant incidents connected with our stay together. Neither is there a single unpleasant circumstance to sadden its recollection. But, when at the end of the Freshman year, we were necessarily separated, we were then fortunate enough to room in the same end, with but one flight of stairs between us. Only for the last year, have we not been neighbors. But, that warm friendship, strengthened and cemented by our relation as neighbors for two years, and chums for one, still remained.

My dear old chum, we are not yet to be separated. For a year at least, we may probably see much of each other. But, after that, we know not that we shall ever see each other again. We can only hope for the best. Wherever my lot shall be cast, I shall hold you in the fondest recollection. Time nor distance shall lessen my love for you; and be assured, dear John, that no one will more rejoice of your future success and happiness, and no one give you a fonder welcome than

Your friend and brother,

Natus, June 19th, 1832

WM. H. TODD

In 1849 the Fall term ran from September 26th to December 21st, followed by a vacation of eight weeks, during which many of the students taught school. The Spring term began February 15th, in 1850, and closed May 17th, for a short vacation of two weeks. The Summer term began May 31st, and ended September 4th (Commencement Day). I give these dates to show that forty weeks for the college year compares favorably with the length of the two Semesters in most American colleges, today. The curriculum was decidedly classical, then: Latin, Greek, Algebra, and exercises in Elocution through the entire Freshman year, and Paley's *Natural Theology* for the last two terms.

Most of the class joined some Secret (Greek Letter) Society. Adams, Carruthers, M. Emery, Goodenow, Pond, Southgate, Spaulding, Todd, and Webb the $\Psi\Upsilon$ (Psi Upsilon). At the beginning of the Spring term class caps were introduced. They had straight or horizontal vizors, above which was the device of a rising sun, borrowed from the arms of the Bowdoin family.

At this time Professor Stowe (husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who conceived the plan of writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, while in Brunswick, Maine) joined the faculty as Collins Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion. I find this note concerning him: "His lectures on Jonah and on the first chapter of Genesis will be remembered with peculiar pleasure. Has any classmate forgotten his exegesis of (bä-rä or baw-raw)?"

Then there were other able Professors and the scholarly, distinguished Leonard Woods, President of Bowdoin College for twenty-seven years. In his *Life of Thomas B. Reed* (Class of '56), McCall says of President Woods: "Early in his presidency he visited Europe and made the acquaintance of men like Stanley, Pusey, Newman, and Bunsen. He was received by Pope Gregory XVI, and in fixing upon the language to be used in the interview, Woods suggested French, German, and Latin, with a preference for the last, and the conversation proceeded for an

hour in Latin." Of other Professors, McCall commented as follows: "Professor Parker Cleveland was perhaps the foremost American of his time in mineralogy, and was the author of the first textbook upon that subject in common use. The *Edinburgh Review* spoke of his work on geology and mineralogy as "the most useful on mineralogy in the language." "Professor Thomas C. Upham was the author of many books, of which his *Mental Philosophy* was for a long time the standard textbook in American colleges." "Professor Alpheus S. Packard was renowned as a teacher of the Classics, and also as an author in his chosen field."

My father did not teach during his Freshman year, as he undoubtedly desired to give his undivided attention to his college studies, at the beginning of his course. He was, however, deeply interested in extra-curricular activities, and was elected in June to the Peucinian Society. I have his letter of acceptance, which reads as follows:

Sir:

Bowdoin College

June 14, 1850

With pleasure I accept an election
to the Peucinian Society.

J. E. ADAMS

Wm. H. Owen, Secy.

The following letter in the Bowdoin Album comments on his membership:

Bowdoin College

Friend Adams:

Aug. 5-'53

If you prove as faithful in the discharge of every duty, as in those you have well fulfilled toward Peucinian, you may be sure of the esteem of all with whom you are connected.

You have my hearty wishes for success hereafter.

Your friend,

A. EASTMAN

The Peucinian and Athenæan were rival literary societies. The Peucinian, of which Jonathan E. Adams was a member, bore on

its rolls of membership such names as Nathan Lord, Henry W. Longfellow, Seargant Prentiss, George Evans, William L. Putnam, and William P. Frye. The Athenæan boasted of an equally distinguished membership, including such names as William Pitt Fessenden, Franklin Pierce, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and John A. Andrew.

Then there was the Freshman Debating Society and the "Praying Circle," to which he was devoted.

In the Sophomore year my father had as his roommate, John Franklin Spaulding, later to become Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Colorado. Spaulding, at his entrance to college, skeptical if not atheistic, said at one of the class Reunions: "Boys, you know I wasn't especially religious when I came to college, but I roomed with Adams. He never said much about it, but I couldn't get away from his example." They must have been very happy together, that Sophomore year, in 1850-'51. Both men were of stalwart physique, Spaulding being six feet, one inch, and my father almost six feet, in height. I remember his telling me that Spaulding once asked him: "Adams, where did you get your robust physique?" The answer was: "Down at the old parsonage farm."

Here is the letter that Spaulding wrote in the Bowdoin Album.

My dear Jonathan—

Bowdoin College
July 15, '53

Your album has been lying on my table two days, and I am no better prepared to write in it, than when it first made its appearance. On beginning however, I find that no preparation is necessary. I have only to look back upon the past, and reminiscences come up so numerous and so interesting, of scenes in which we both had some part, either in the fore, or background, that should I attempt to record them, in the language of the Evangelist, "the world itself would not contain the books that would be written." Don't be alarmed, I do not intend to bore you with them here. They lose their interest, when written. It is sufficient to recall them, by a suggestion, or a word.

With one exception, I have known you longer than any man in my class. Probably you remember a young man, who traded with you occasionally, in

Camden, and who attended the "High School." You remember also the surprise with which you sometime afterwards learned, that he had entered college, and the still greater surprise on meeting him at the wharf, when you were taking leave of your friends, before a journey to these very "Classic Halls," whither he was also journeying. Fortune placed us in the same class, and so arranged the circumstances of our Freshman year, that we should become very intimate, and that there should be laid the basis of an everlasting Friendship. On that ample basis, our Sophomore year and No. 3, South College, afforded opportunity and inducements, to rear a most splendid and durable superstructure, which was very sedulously and successfully improved by your humble servant. Our Junior and Senior years have served us for putting on the finishing touches, and now it is completed, I do not fear that anything can occur hereafter to undermine its foundations, and it is formed of such material as becomes beautified by age.

Sad shall I be, Adams, when we must separate, tho', no doubt, we may often meet again. I shall leave you however, confident that your many virtues will win you many friends, and your abilities and energy will enable you to be useful to mankind.

Truly yours in Psi Upsilon,

(Natus, June 19th, 1832)

JON. FRANK SPAULDING

The Sophomore course of study included the Latin and Greek classics, French and Higher Mathematics throughout the year, and Newman's Rhetoric for one term. At the beginning of the Fall term Adams took charge of the college bell as successor of Pollard of the Senior class who had just graduated. During the eight weeks vacation he taught school in Sedgwick. Early in the Spring term a secret club, composed wholly of $\Psi\Upsilon$ (Psi Upsilon) members, was organized, and was styled "Our Society." Meetings were held on Saturday evenings when a paper, prepared by the members, was read and criticized. It was maintained for two years and possibly longer. There were the usual Sophomore pranks, class bonfires, mock serenades for two of the Professors, one of whom also had the seats of his recitation room smeared with oil, for which latter offence, one member of the class was singled out as the scapegoat, "directed to leave town," and was subsequently suspended. In the Summer term Commons Hall was opened by the Government and board was charged in the

term-bills. Adams participated in the Sophomore Prize Declamation.

The studies of Junior year included three terms of German, Higher Mathematics, and Mechanics, *i.e.*, Electricity, Magnetism, Optics, &c.; two terms of Spanish and Latin, and one term of Moral Philosophy, Vattel's *Law of Nations*, Wayland's *Moral Science*, and *Lectures on German Metaphysics*, by Professor Goodwin. During Junior and Senior years, including the long Winter vacations, Adams taught in the Brunswick High School, being the Principal of the School in his Senior year. His roommate these two years was his brother, Samuel Sewall Adams, of the Class of 1855. He also found time to take part in the Junior Prize Declamation which was held Thursday, September 2, 1852, at the Congregational Church. Adams, Fuller, and Webb were on the Committee, and the program opened with:

1. Reply to McDowell—Palfrey,

Jonathan Edwards Adams—Boothbay, Maine

He also participated in the Public Exhibitions of the Senior and Junior classes in both years. A witty "false order" (mainly the production of the late William Law Simonds) was circulated in the college on the 18th of May (1852), the day of the exhibition of the Senior and Junior classes. The Secretary of the class kept a copy. I also have a copy, from which I will give a few excerpts.

In explanation of the part assigned Adams in the "false order" of exercises, let me state, that while in charge of the chapel bell, the attempt was once made to forestall his ringing the bell for Morning Prayers, which were held daily, very early, before breakfast. Here his early nautical training won the victory. I will continue in the words of his classmate, John L. Crosby: "One night, some persons removed the bell-rope, thinking they would for once escape the disagreeable necessity for early rising. But they reckoned without their host, and in a few minutes the hated tones were pealing through the morning air, and they respond-

ing, hurriedly dressed, to its call. Adams had climbed the tower inside, nearly 100 feet, by shifting a short ladder from the sill of one window to the next, and so reached the bell."

Here is the part assigned to him in the "false order":

Jonathan Edwards Adams

Deer Isle

Latin version of his Junior Ticket

Quare Jonathanus Ewardus Adamus, Sophomorici Classis, examinatione ejus bene peracta, et bell-o bene rungato arctoque periculis, adjudicatur satis doctus et probus ad intrandum classem Juniorem ab proximo commencemento.

Here are a few more excerpts from the "false order":

THERE WILL BE AN EXHIBITION
of the
SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES
AT THE CONGREGATIONAL VESTRY
on the eve of

TUESDAY, MAY 18TH, 1852

The Procession will be formed in the following order:

Music by the Pandowdy Band

Leonard Woods, D.D., attended by a body-guard. (Leonard will be observed to "toe out" ferociously.)

Prof. Stowe on a "Bull of Bashan."

"The Gentle Alphy," performing some wonderful equestrian feats, on his lately imported Greecian and Roman ponies.

Prof. Smythe, having erected a right-angled triangle, will be seen sliding down the hypotenuse.

Prof. Upham, Jones, and Sherman, arm in arm. (All sober!!)

(Cleaveland and the Tutor being sensible men, will ride down apart from the procession with the Sophomore class.)

"Bawdy George" and "Diogenes" trotting along hand in hand.

Berry of the "Tontine," Adams of the "Pejepscot," and Mr. Prindle, forming a hollow square round Col. Stone, who has condescended to hear the children perform.

The performers of the evening, clad in Bloomer costume, and closely packed in a crockery crate, will bring up the rear.

PERFORMANCE AT THE VESTRY

(*Music by the SHOATS: during which the performers will be unpacked
by Prex and Robertus Pinkey*)

Salutatory—Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.

Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain

Brewer

Subject—Brunswick and its associations

Jonathan Edwards Adams

Deer Isle

Latin version of his Junior Ticket

Music. (By Place, on the Jews-harp)

William Paley Drew

Augusta

Greek version from Mother Goose

Κοκ ἄ δοοδλε δοο

Μι δαμε ἄς λοστ ἐρ σ'οε

Μι μαστερ'ς λοστ ἰς φιδδλεστικ

Ανδ δωντ κνω οὔιτ το δω.

Marcellus Emery

Frankfort

English version from Swedenborg

The absolute irrelative particle primarily created in the original unity of the first thing, must have been in a condition of positive normality with the germ of inevitable incandescence.

John Franklin Spaulding

Charleston, S. C.

Subject—French version of the "Long Measure"

Trois barleycorns	font	un	inch
Douze inches	"	"	pied
Trois pieds	"	"	yard
Trois yards	"	"	Spaulding

These excerpts from the "false order" of the Senior and Junior Exhibition give some idea of college wit and humor in the mid-nineteenth century.

Near the close of the Junior year I find this note in the Class history: "The class 'cut' Professor Smythe, one morning. Adams, being recalcitrant, was fastened into his room, but managed, though with great difficulty, to get out, and went late to recitation. Who of us, today, does not honor him for doing so?" At the end of Junior year Adams gave up the charge of the chapel bell.

The Senior course of study included Upham's *Mental Philosophy* throughout the year; Italian, two terms; and Olmstead's *Astronomy*, Paley's *Evidences*, Butler's *Analogy*, Chemistry, Natural History, Cleveland's *Mineralogy*, and Geology, one term each. There was an average of four courses, during the three terms, ending with a review of the studies of the year.

During the Fall term Adams and eight others had parts in the Public Exhibition of the Senior and Junior classes; he was also Principal of the Brunswick High School throughout its school year. The members of its Senior class presented him with a fine, illustrated copy of Shakespeare, with their names inscribed therein, among them, Charles A. Boutelle, for many years Representative to Congress from the Fourth Maine District. Other names, like Booker, Eaton, Forsaith, Furbish, Given, McClellan, Melcher, Alpheus Packard, and Varney, represent well-known Brunswick families.

On October 24th, 1852, Daniel Webster died, and Professor Hitchcock was invited by the students to deliver a eulogy on his life and services, which he did, on the 12th of November. By request of the students he attended the funeral at Marshfield, together with Fuller, as their representative. Melville W. Fuller, of the Class of '53, was later appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. His letter in my father's Bowdoin Album is a good illustration of the friendly relations of classmates in those days; here is a copy of the letter:

My "dear boy":—

Aug. 30, 1853

I need not assure you, after our intimate acquaintance of the last year, that I sincerely love and esteem you, and that I earnestly hope the highest prosperity and success for you in the future.

I have always had occasion to admire your vigorous and manly exertions during the hours we have just now ended, and it is a matter of especial gratification to me that you have met with such merited success. I doubt not that you will attain in the world whatever you desire, pursuing as you will ever, a like honorable, upright and persevering course with that you have done here.

[illegible]

I feel that you know me better than many, and that you will be convinced, that I am really and honestly sincere in all I have herein inscribed, and in the affection for you I here heartily profess.

Dear John, in after life, pray do not forget

Your friend, your classmate,

and your senior neighbor

1833

Law

2001986

M. W. FULLER

On Commencement Day, September 7, 1853, a class of twenty-four graduated and received their diplomas. It was the custom, then, to give the degree of A.B. at graduation, and three years later, the degree of A.M. Among the Commencement speakers the program gives the name of Jonathan Edwards Adams, his subject being: "Missions and Civilization"; it was called a "Philosophical Disquisition." At a meeting of the ΦΒΚ (Phi Beta Kappa) Society, on Thursday, September 8, 1853, Southgate, Webb, Spaulding, E. C. Cummings, Puffer, Fuller, Drew, and Adams were elected members. The note at the end of the Class Record follows: "When Friday came, we were all scattered, nevermore all to come together again in this world."

There was a Class Supper, but no oration or poem. An attempt had been made to initiate the observance of a special Class Day, as at Harvard, but it was left to another class, a few years later, to carry out the project. Ever since, Class Day has been one of the recognized institutions of the college.

After graduation it was a custom at Bowdoin for small groups to take a walking trip to the top of Mount Washington, stay over night at the Tip-Top House, and witness the sunrise on the morrow. Graduates of Williams College made a similar trip to the top of Greylock. I remember my father telling me of his walking trip to the top of Mount Washington, with two or three other classmates, soon after graduation at Bowdoin. As I recall, they took one of the hardest climbs, by way of Tuckerman's Ravine, and were hindered by a storm, and so delayed that it was late at night when these half-frozen and exhausted college

boys arrived at the Tip-Top House, to the astonishment of the guests around the big, open fire, wondering that they had out-lived such a storm and not perished. I hope those Bowdoin graduates witnessed a glorious sunrise, next day, from the top of Mount Washington.

I here wish to give a few more of the Classmates Letters in my father's Bowdoin Album. Puffer lived but one short year after graduation, succumbing to a violent attack of smallpox, in 1854, at the early age of twenty-one. A man of talent in college, he was cut off on the eve of a promising career.

First I will give my father's letter in Puffer's Album, following which, Puffer's letter:

No. 24, M. H.

July 27, 1853

My dear Puffer:

The long pages already written by your classmates make it certain to me, that you need no further recommendations to enable you to secure employment and to satisfy "whom it may concern" that you are a "tip-top" fellow, and worthy the esteem and affection of all. This being the case, you will excuse all brevity in my case, and still feel assured that I respect and regard you as a scholar, fellow class-mate, and friend. We are soon to leave the grounds of old Bowdoin in all probability not to meet with all our class-mates here again. As our (to be) "Alma Mater" sends out her invitations to her sons to come up to her feast, we shall all with one consent begin to make excuse. Jimmy will have bought him a farm—and Billy will have entered into merchandise—and Jonny will have bought him oxen—and Jerry will—will—have married a—a—a—wife! and so he can't come of course—But soberly, whether we ever meet again or not, as classmates and real friends we can never forget each other.

Yrs. sincerely,

J. E. ADAMS

Native Woolwich

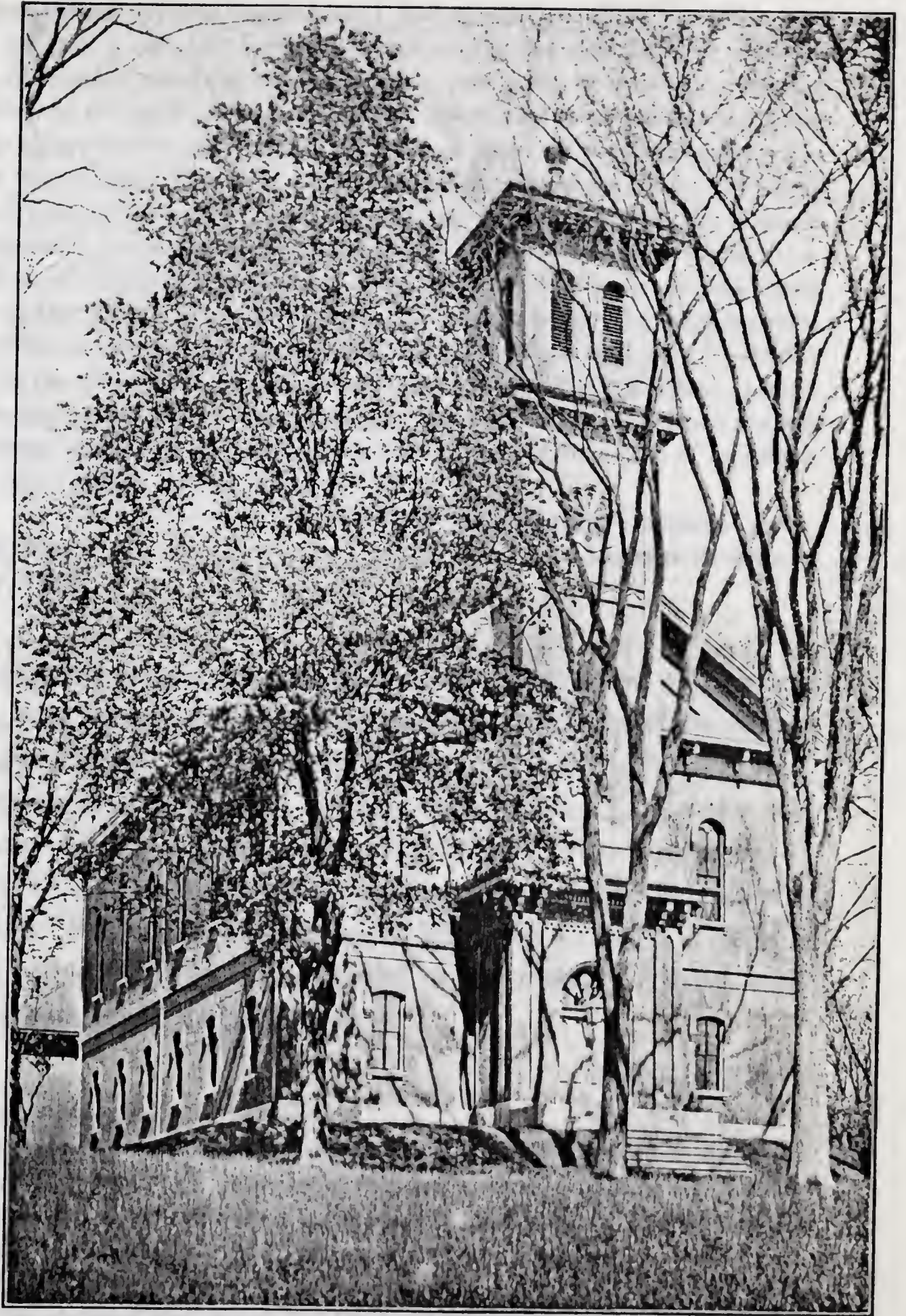
Forget dates, Maine

Bowdoin College

July 24, 1853

Friend Adams:

I am happy to leave in your album a testimonial of the high respect which I entertain for you. In age we are almost at the extremes of the class, and for that reason are different in our tastes, and character. You have been since I knew you a *man* in every sense of the word, while I have been but a boy in many things. My disposition led me into many things which your more mature



BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY CHAPEL

judgment did not approve & sometimes I have spoken harshly of you when you would not join a cut; but I esteem you none the less now for any of those things. Like many others in the class I have just begun to know you for the oppositions of the early part of our college course served to prevent me from learning to appreciate your mental ability and above all your unbending adherence to principle. The more I have known you, the more I have esteemed you, and hereafter, when we meet no more on these classic grounds, shall always remember you as one of the best men and brightest ornaments of our class. May Heaven's blessing be upon you and crown your endeavors in His cause with abundant success. Were all professors of religion as upright, conscientious, and faithful as yourself the remnants of my scepticism would soon be driven away—for the great part—the theoretical—has yielded to Paley & Butler. I hope that you may gather roses without thorns in your mortal life, and when the last great change shall come may look boldly forward to a wide sphere of usefulness in some more perfect state of existence.

Truly your friend & classmate,

LUTHER PUFFER

Sudbury, Mass.

Sept. 11, 1833

Law

Among his classmates one of the best loved, and a life-long friend, was John Leland Crosby, who later welcomed my father to Bangor, Maine, when he became Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, in 1876. For many years John L. Crosby was Treasurer of the Maine Missionary Society, also Treasurer of Bangor Theological Seminary, where Jonathan E. Adams was a Trustee. Both were Overseers at Bowdoin College. The following letter from John L. Crosby in my father's Album most assuredly deserves a place there:

Bowdoin College

Aug. 3d, '53

My Dear Jonathan

I have promised to write in your album, and tho I am hardly in a fit condition to write, but I know that a classmate will not critically examine the literary excellence of my few unconnected sentences and as for anybody else (for I know that albums are common property) they can look the other way.

I well remember staying at your father's house in Deer Isle, and how paternally you watched over Ralph and the brothers Crosby, as they were playing by the side of the frog pond. Little did I think then that my venerated friend would ever be my classmate; and again little did I think either, that having be-

come united as a classmate with you, that in less than three years, I should be taken away from you. But, how true is the proverb "L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose." He who guides all the events of life has brought the time when we shall go out upon the world to labor for Him. I know that you have chosen a profession, which tho not lucrative in the paltry gold of this world, will enable you to lay up a treasure, where neither moth or rust corrupteth. I can only say God speed you. Let us never forget our class, nor cease to pray for each one of our brothers. Let us remember each at his best, and woe be to me, if I ever fail to do all in my power for the good of everyone. I am aware that thin words are nothing, but if in after years you look over these pages, remember that you have one at least who respects and loves you in the person of

Your friend and classmate

Bangor
Merchant

JOHN L. CROSBY

For the three years following graduation at Bowdoin (1853-1856), Jonathan E. Adams was the Preceptor of St. Stephens Academy, St. Stephens, New Brunswick. In 1856 he entered the Middle Class of Bangor Theological Seminary, graduating in 1858. For the chronicle of these years of teaching, study for the ministry, and then the long service of the Maine Congregational Churches, for nearly fifty years, I must ask you to consult the following chapters.

CHAPTER III

Men of God have always, from time to time, walked among men, and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer.

Emerson

The noblest motive is the public good.

Virgil

Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.

Shakespeare

Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.

I Cor. 5:20

Text of my father's Sermon at my Ordination in Gorham, New Hampshire, October 19, 1897.

CHAPTER III

After college. Teaching. Preceptor of St. Stephens Academy,
St. Stephens, New Brunswick.

Bangor Theological Seminary, Class of 1858—Early Ministry—Boothbay,
Maine (1858-'59)—Ordained at New Sharon, Maine, October 19, 1859
—Minister there from 1859 to 1864—Service in the United States Chris-
tian Commission at Alexandria, Washington, and Gettysburg, in 1863—
Extracts from his Diary while in this Service.

IN this chapter I propose to begin the account of my father's
long ministry—nearly half a century—in the interest of Con-
gregationalism in Maine. On the eve of his professional career,
at graduation from Bowdoin College, in 1853, is a fitting place
to present a few more letters from his classmates.

Here is the cordial greeting from William A. Wheeler.

Bowdoin College
No. 6 Maine Hall
July 27, 1853

My dear Jonathan:

I do not need two pages to tell you that I have always been your friend, and
am so still. We have never, it is true, been on terms of peculiar intimacy, but our
general relations have been uninterruptedly pleasant; and for my own part I
have always felt those sentiments of respect for you and a confidence in you
which a life characterized by integrity & governed by principle always inspired.
You may be assured that in my heart there is laid up for you a long and kind
remembrance.

I do not know that there is one of our little band who can look out upon
the future with a fairer prospect of long life and eminent usefulness than your-
self. That you may be spared to exert the uncalculated influence of a pure char-
acter & high moral worth is the unfeigned and fervent prayer of

Your friend & classmate

WILLIAM A. WHEELER

1833
Divinity

Another sincere tribute came from Marcellus Emery, who lived for some time in Bangor, Maine, as Editor of a daily newspaper.

Bowdoin College

July 15, 1853

Friend Adams,

From the fact that you have been my spiritual adviser in college, I entertain for you the highest respect & esteem. Nor do I respect & esteem you for that alone. Your truly generous nature & heartfelt sympathy for friends in trouble, makes you doubly dear to all to whom you are known. I early formed your acquaintance & from it have derived much pleasure & comfort during my college course. Would to God, I could always have you by my side through life. In that event, whatever might be my condition, I should always feel that I had a reliable friend at hand, "a very present help in the time of need."

Your entire course throughout college has been marked by great firmness, uprightness, and almost perfect consistency; for this reason you have an influence among your friends surpassed by none. The same characteristics will adhere to you through life & will certainly secure you great success in whatever you may hereafter undertake. Whatever may be your future lot, I shall always love & respect you. Remember me as your sincere friend & bro. ΨΥ (Psi Upsilon).

MARCELLUS EMERY

Profession, Law

A classmate, and later a fellow-citizen of Bangor, Maine, Judge Henry C. Goodenow, wrote in the Album, as follows:

My Dear Jona,

July 16, 1853

Distinctly do I remember the many vague & definite reports which were current at the first of my college course, relative to a certain "Adams" who was to enter our class the next spring term. Vague, I say, because his age & personal appearance were not described to me with any great correctness, & I pictured him as a young wild dare-devil sort of a personage, which the sequel did not exactly verify—and, definite, in that he was said to be a "good fellow" & a gentlemanly and talented one, &c. &c. which I found proved "true to the letter." But, he must know something more of your character & good qualities, than is to be learned from mere rumor, who has been so intimately & pleasantly associated with you on a "Four Years Cruise," as your "humble servant" has been, & he must be obstinate or woefully stupid who could not say after such a connection, couldn't begin to enumerate your manly & noble virtues.

Believe, then, my dear Adams, although I fail to express them, that my feelings toward you are such as friend entertains for friend, & more that they are those of the warmest, strongest & proudest love & esteem. Your success in life I most firmly believe in, & sincerely hope for, & whatever may be our relative fortunes in life, I shall never forget to seek & find in you, as may never you fail to find in me, that comfort & satisfaction which comes from the confidence of mutual hearts.

Profession, Law
Natus, Alfred, Me.
June 23, 1834

Your Classmate & Bro.,
H. C. GOODENOW

A fellow-student, though not a classmate, Hon. Franklin A. Wilson, also of Bangor, Maine, asked for a place in the Bowdoin Album.

Friend Adams,

Bowdoin College
July 23, '53

You & I have been pretty well acquainted for about three years, and now being about to separate, I ask a place in your remembrance, and with pleasure sign myself

Your friend, Fellow student, & Bro. in P. I. S. H.,
Bangor FRANKLIN A. WILSON

A letter from Webb, later a Tutor at Bowdoin, seems worthy of inclusion.

Friend Adams:

Bowdoin College
July 20th, 1853

The hour of our separation draws nigh, and it excites a deep feeling of sadness, when I think that the many pleasant ties that bind us together are so soon to be sundered, and that we are to be scattered heaven knows where, some North, some South, some East, and some West. Wherever I may be I assure you, I never can cease to remember "Par Adams," whose sterling integrity, and firm adherence to principles have excited the remarks and admiration of your classmates and fellow students. Your preëminently practical talents sufficiently qualify you to grapple with the cares and duties of life while your noble qualities of head & heart will ever draw around you troops of loving and affectionate friends. You have chosen the noblest profession to which man can devote his time & energies. I am confident you will have eminent success therein, & that at some future day you will have the satisfaction of knowing that many will invoke the choicest of Heaven's blessings upon you for leading them to the

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

44 JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS, D.D. AND MAINE CONGREGATIONALISM

bosom of a Merciful God. Such is my sincere wish. And I hope that amid the various circumstances of life you will ever remember as -

Your classmate, friend and brother,

F. E. WEBB

1829, Winthrop, Maine, 1869

Law

Tutor at Bowdoin

State Legislature, &c.

Co. Atty., Kennebec

Bowdoin College

August 8, '53

My Dear Adams,

I am most happy to leave with you the expression of my high esteem for your character, and true respect for your talent, and acquirements. I am sorry that we are so soon to separate, for you are one, John, who has ever shown me the kindness of a Christian, and I may say the love of a brother. Believe me, I shall never forget your generous spirit, and fervently hope to meet you often hereafter, and hear of your comfort and success in whatever you engage. With my best wishes, John, allow me to subscribe myself

Most truly your friend,

WM. P. DREW

Augusta, 1829

Law

Several of the class went into the ministry, so it is fitting to include (in part at least) the letters of Carruthers, Cummings, Pond, and Southgate. Bishop Spaulding's letter has already been given.

Bowdoin College

August 16, 1853

My Dear Jonathan,

I have the utmost reason to be in a hurry yet I feel that for the present everything else must give way to the claims of friendship. I need not tell you how well and how long we have loved each other. I leave that to your own memory and consciousness. Your course for the present is plain before you. I have the fullest confidence that you will be abundantly successful and abundantly useful in the Orient. Of course you will be happy. Drop a line occasionally to your old friend and let him know how things proceed, and above all, pray earnestly that we may meet in a higher sphere of activity and enjoyment. You see, my dear Adams, that I haven't tried to do great things in your album. I don't believe in it. But, I trust to be remembered by you as a classmate, and a true hearted, straight forward friend.

E. C. C.

Bowdoin College

No. 4 A. H.

July 21, '53

Dear Jonathan:—

We have been too intimate for the last four years to make it necessary that I should speak of the nature of my feelings towards you—these you well know. From the first moment we met we have been friends—our intimacy with each other has been more than that of classmate with classmate—it has been that, rather, of brother with brother. I can never forget the “little walks” (as Jerry used to call them) which we were wont to take in the days of our freshman innocence—those happy days—I almost wish I could recall them, they are so big with happy remembrances and delightful associations. The Sophomore year increased our intimacy, and strengthened our friendship. But, methinks these both reached their climax last year, when we were next door neighbors. Don't you remember how I used to bore you evenings, seeking your assistance, in the solution of some problem in Mathematics and how in the forenoons you used to come into our room, with a frown upon your brow, & a German book in your hand & implore me to read the lesson over. O Jonathan, these were days never to be forgotten by me—days of unalloyed pleasure—without a single care or anxiety to—upon our minds. These days are almost over—we have *got* to part—our separation, however, will not, I trust, be long. Should Providence smile upon me, we will meet again within the precincts of Bangor Seminary, and even before then I hope frequently to see you in that goodly city. And, now, fare thee well, till we meet again. May heaven's richest blessing descend upon you—such is the prayer of

Divinity

Your classmate, friend & brother,

WILLIAM A. CARRUTHERS

Bowdoin College

July 22, '53

No. 4 A. H.

My dear Jona.

What shall I say to you as a parting word on these two pages, which you have assigned to me? I wish that I could make a new vocabulary, and find some new expressions that I might use, in telling you how I love you, and how deeply I shall regret your absence both as a dear friend, & as a guide during the years that shall separate us. It is, however, a cheering thought that we are not long to be parted, but that we probably shall meet again, & renew our attachment at Bangor Theol. Sem. And when at length the time must come for us to part, is it not pleasant to think that we are both to be engaged in that most glorious & sublime of all labors, winning souls to Christ? Blessed work—too great & sublime to be entrusted to “earthen vessels” without the promised aid from above! I wish we could be classmates at the Seminary, graduate there together, & at the same time could buckle on the harness, never to be taken off, while life

shall last. But this I fear cannot be. We must not be separated, however, in spirit—though we be in body—I assure you, Jona, my thoughts will often fly over the hills & valleys which shall lie between us, and I shall often take the liberty of sending such as can be scratched on paper to you. Never forget me Jona, never forget the “little tiny walks” we have had together over these plains of Brunswick! I assure you that I shall hold you in remembrance as all of most intimate & beloved college friends.

Your true friend, classmate & bro.,

Born at Cambridgeport, Mass.

J. E. POND

June 23, 1831

Bowdoin College

July 16, '53

My dear Jonathan,

Tis a hard thing to separate from such fellows as you, in all probability for life. One may find boon companions enough in the world, but very seldom an earnest-hearted, constant friend like you; the same warm nature in every occasion & circumstance, with that same universal kindliness that is so essential an element of the Christian character. While I tell you frankly my feelings towards you are not those of a partial, strong love, I tell you just as frankly, they are those of a calm, whole-souled affection, mingled with a sincere respect & esteem. Always when I think of you, hereafter, it will be with such a feeling. An enthusiastic fondness for others may, probably will, pass away, after a short time of separation, my respect & consideration for you, from its very nature, will last as long as the memory of you & will always be a present feeling, not a past fancy.

In all truthfulness, I wish you success & happiness.

With the kindest sentiments

of yr. bro. & classmate

JNO. B. SOUTHGATE

I believe that my father's work for Congregationalism in Maine began long before his ordination in 1859, even soon after his admission to the church, at the age of sixteen. I wish that I might include in this volume some of his letters that were written to me during my college course, also in the early years of my ministry, but I *shall* give extracts from his Diary, while serving in the United States Christian Commission in 1863, later in this chapter. I shall also include one of his Missionary writings, entitled, *One Phase of Home Missionary Work in Maine*. His Annual Reports, as Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society for twenty years, are a monument to his long and faithful service

in the Secretaryship. Professor Clarke's *History of the Maine Missionary Society* gives copious selections from these Reports. Bound volumes of the Reports, from the earliest days of the Society, organized in 1807, many of them interleaved and annotated with full notes by Deacon E. F. Duren, of Bangor, Maine, who died early in the twentieth century, at the great age of 103, are on file in the Library of the Maine Historical Society at Portland, Maine.

The three years as Preceptor of St. Stephens Academy, St. Stephens, New Brunswick, proved a valuable experience. I remember hearing him speak of the English custom there of offering wine to guests at meals and formal occasions, and that he was quite severely criticized and considered odd in always politely declining to participate. Had he devoted his life to teaching I believe he would have been very successful. Attractive offers in the teaching profession were open to him but my father had one ultimate purpose in life, to enter the Christian ministry.

In 1856, after three years as head of St. Stephens Academy, he was admitted to the Middle Class of Bangor Theological Seminary, in advanced standing, graduating with the Class of 1858. Among his classmates was Prof. John S. Sewall, who was to be associated with him throughout his later life in connection with the work of the Seminary and Maine Missionary Society. He was devoted to Bangor Seminary, and on removing to Bangor in 1876, as Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, he came into close associations with the students and Professors, a little later being made a Trustee of the Seminary, which office he continued to hold throughout life. In Prof. L. L. Paine, for several years a Trustee and President of the Maine Missionary Society, he found a true and steadfast friend, and their mutual respect and sympathies continued to the end. I often heard my father speak of the strong preachers and able Professors of the Seminary in his student days. There was George Shepard, one of

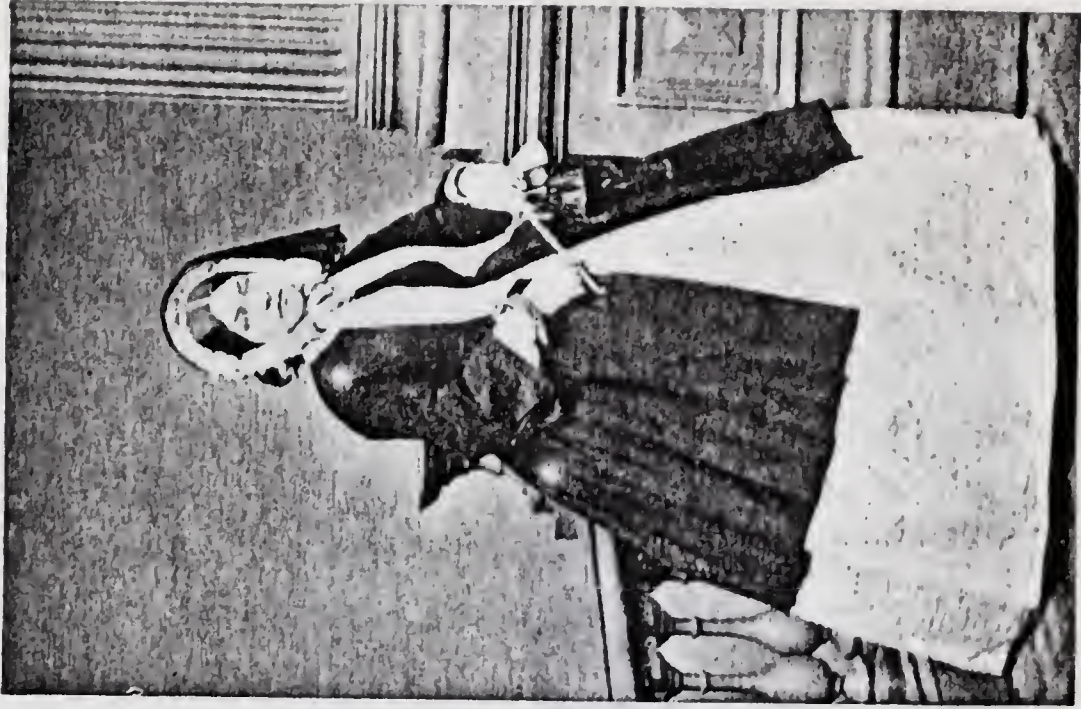
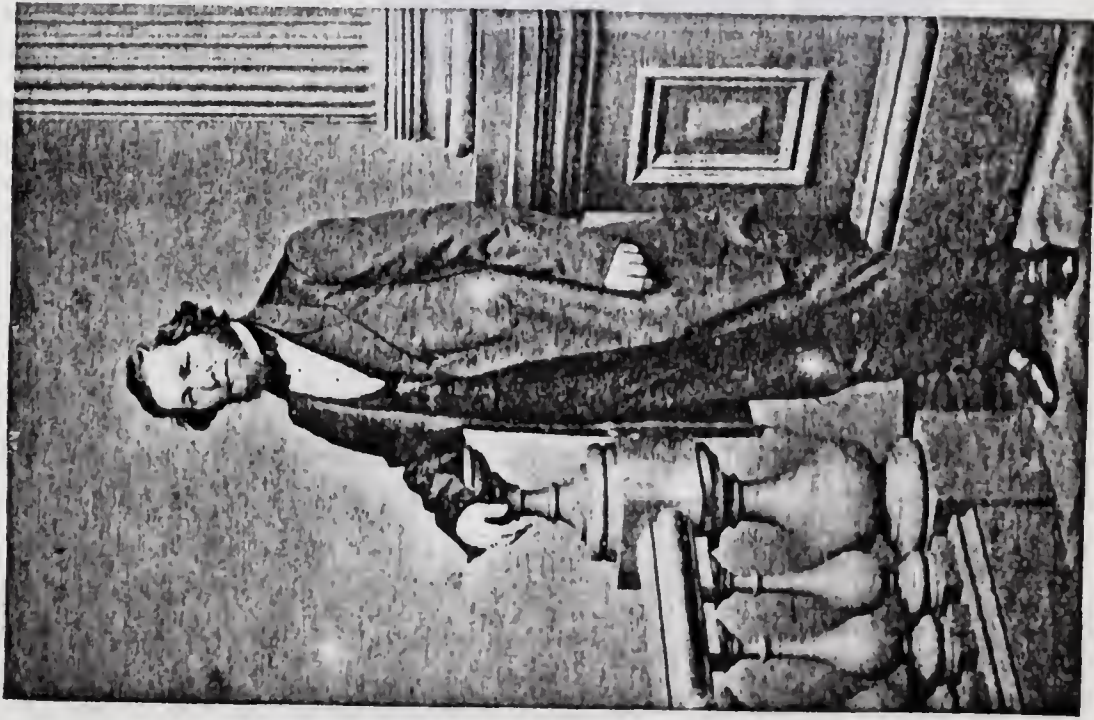
the pulpit orators of his time; Samuel Harris, later President of Bowdoin College, and a noted Professor at Yale College; William M. Barbour, also later a Professor at Yale; and Daniel Smith Talcott, one of the great scholars and teachers of his generation.

During his Seminary course he did considerable preaching, supplying the church at Kenduskeag, and at other nearby towns. He always retained a deep love for the Seminary, and found its students, during his Secretaryship, a great source of supply for the missionary churches of Maine, although so great was the demand, that Andover, Yale, and Hartford Theological students were needed to make up the quota, especially in the summer months.

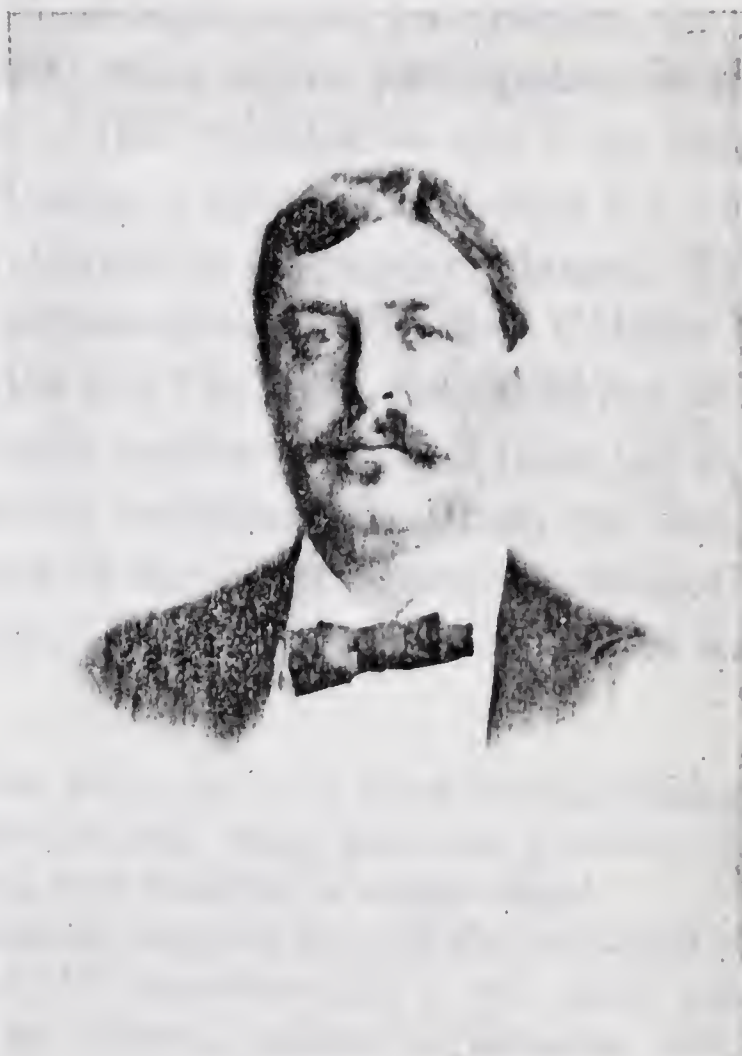
On graduation from Bangor Theological Seminary, in 1858, Jonathan E. Adams preached for a year in the Second Congregational Church, at Boothbay, Maine, and also served at the old First Church of that town, filling out his father's pastorate (1852-1858).

On October 19, 1859, he was ordained and installed over the Congregational Church in New Sharon, Maine. Here he spent five happy and fruitful years. His father went to live with him in New Sharon, dying there in 1861.

May 7, 1861 he was married to Lucy Cushing Adams, daughter of Deacon Samuel Gray Adams, of Camden, Maine. Though bearing the same surname, they were not related, my father's family coming from Scotland, while my mother's ancestors were all English. Among the young men in the New Sharon church was Charles F. Thwing, who looked to him as the first pastor he remembered, and who later became President of Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, Ohio. Farmington, Maine, close by, my father found to be a fine old New England town, where he became well acquainted, and made many friends. Lyman Abbott was ordained there, March 12, 1860, and he had some



REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS AND LUCY CUSHING ADAMS
AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1861



EDWARDS CHASE ADAMS (1865-1904)

part in the exercises. "Campmeeting John Allen" was active in that vicinity. Nordica, the famous prima donna was born there, Lilian Norton, a granddaughter of "Campmeeting John Allen," and my father spoke of seeing her as a little girl, playing about the hotel then managed by her parents.

For eight weeks, in 1863, Rev. Jonathan E. Adams, of New Sharon, Maine, served in the United States Christian Commission, at Alexandria, Washington, and Gettysburg, the accident in his youth precluding more active participation in the Civil War. For an account of this valuable service I am indebted to the United States Christian Commission Report for 1863, and my father's Diary or Record in his Service Manual. The Diary and Report are now deposited in the Bowdoin College Library. He had wished to enlist as a Chaplain, but could not on account of his right arm, so badly broken in the fall from the main-top-gallant yard, in his early seafaring life. From the Report concerning the Relief work of the United States Christian Commission, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, I here give the following selections:

The wounded of the two armies left to be cared for numbered more than 20,000. Could it be possible that only twenty men were detailed to minister to the wants of the 3,000 who were wounded in a single corps?

The Christian Commission in occupying the field thus necessarily abandoned by our army only enlarged the operations which it had already begun. Soon after the conflict ceased an additional number of delegates, with supplies, reached the field. More than twenty thousand men in all were in and around Gettysburg at the beginning of the week following the battle. Of these, many were but slightly wounded, and with a little assistance were able to walk.

To feed these men, to wash their wounds, to give them clean clothing, to encourage them, was a part of our work. An eating saloon was, therefore, imperatively called for, and immediately established, by the Christian Commission, at which, in the words of Dr. Bellows, "Some thousands of tired and hungry soldiers were fed."

As soon as possible after the close of battle, stations of the Christian Commission were established in the Corps hospitals, a competent delegate appointed to take charge of each, who was called the Captain of it, and other delegates

assigned to work under his direction, subject, however, to the orders of the surgeon in charge, to whom all were to report themselves for instruction in the work they were to perform. We can here give only a general survey of the whole field, naming only those delegates who had charge of the work in a particular field, though others, whose record is on high, equally deserve notice.

In some respects the work in the Second Corps Hospital was the most interesting and important. There were at least twenty-five hundred wounded men in this hospital, which was located at first in a grove, between two and three miles from town.

Into this field, as already intimated, the Christian Commission entered. A tent was pitched, at first in the Third Division of the Second Corps, under the direction of Rev. J. E. Adams, of New Sharon, Maine, and J. B. Stillson, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y.

Here a dozen delegates had their headquarters, while they sought to alleviate pain, with all the energy which the sight of suffering can arouse. The appearance of those connected with the hospital of the Third Division of this Corps beggars description. Destitute of clothing, many of them nearly naked and covered with filth, without tents, lying in the mud—for the sudden rise of the little stream by which they had been placed rendered it impossible to avoid this—cursing, praying, begging their attendants or visitors to put an end to their sufferings by taking their lives, here one and yonder another laid out by himself to die, these wretched men made the strongest appeal to Christian sympathy. Nor was their appeal unheeded. Physicians who had come out under the direction of the Commission were immediately sent to their relief, while stores were freely distributed by Messrs. Adams, Stillson, and their associates. Nor did this work cease till every wounded man was made comfortable, every wound dressed, tents issued for their accommodation, underclothing distributed, and those who were able to endure it sent to Baltimore or Philadelphia, while the rest were conveyed to the general hospital on the other side of the town.

When all who could be had been removed to the general hospital, there were nearly four hundred left on the ground, severe cases of amputation, compound fractures, &c., of whom probably not more than one-third lived. Among these men, many of whom suffered excruciatingly, some of our delegates continued to labor till the last, the surgeons supplying bodily wants, but seeking chiefly to direct them to the Great Physician for the healing of the soul.

As the delegates went through their tents you would hear the inmates invoke blessings upon their heads, and beg them to stop and pray and sing. A more glorious work was never engaged in. The blessings of philanthropy were not simply seen but felt.

The following letter from Dr. McAbee shows the surgeon's appreciation of the delegates and their work:

Hospital, Third Division, Second Corps
Near Gettysburg, Pa., July 15, 1863

Messrs. Stillson, Adams, Fields,
and others of the Christian Commission—

Gentlemen:

Please allow me to say that the society which you represent more than earned a right to the title it has assumed, in the work it did at Gettysburg for the wounded of this Division. The supplies of food and clothing furnished were wisely selected, and generously and judiciously distributed, and the agents sent, by the manliness of their bearing, the unpretending devotion with which they gave themselves to the work, and the Christian-like deportment which characterized their conduct throughout, stamped them as being eminently fitted for the work of faith and labor of love to which they had been assigned.

Such labors will always be welcome where large-hearted, true men are needed.

H. M. McABEE,
Surgeon in charge

Another interesting story of his Gettysburg experiences is told in the final chapter of this book, taken from *Scribner's*, July, 1893. It will be found in the "In Memoriam" chapter, under the sub-heading, "His Army Experiences."

From my father's Diary or Record in his Service Manual, I am able to give some further account of his work. Much of the Diary is of too private a nature, to be published abroad, dealing as it does with heart to heart talks with scores and scores of wounded officers and soldiers. This was the spiritual side of the work of the Commission. However, immediate relief of sick and wounded, aiding the surgeons in their trying duties, feeding and clothing, and providing shelter and beds for the men, was perhaps the major part of their job under the surgeon-in-chief. The first record is of a visit to the Mansion House Hospital, Alexandria, Va., where several were helped by his ministrations. Then follows a note about a most interesting prayer-meeting at Camp Convalescent, in which more than twenty of the soldiers participated, following the leader's remarks. Next day, he visited the

barracks, and "found Maine men in good spirits and the will to bear." Then follow some jottings in the Diary, from which I give selections:

Started for Fairfax Station. After we arrived, took an ambulance and went to Fairfax Court-house—, a small place, but the field is full of camps. The old Court-house is nothing but a shell, a miserable, dirty store-room. The Church is all stripped inside, and has been used for a stable. Just out in the woods was where Gen. Kearney was killed. Heard heavy firing, said to be fighting at Snicker's Gap.

Monday. 22d. Saw a squad of rebel Prisoners, 150, several officers—better looking men than I thought to see—officers evidently of their best.

Battle yesterday was at Middlebury—Many wounded brought to Aldie—will probably be through this way. Find much profanity, yet the soldiers are most respectful. There is a chance to do good.

Tues. 23d. Arrived at Wash. 7½—Wrote 5 letters to soldiers' friends—Found Capt. Mott to be a graduate of Michigan University—had travelled in Europe—His wound is probably mortal—Conversed with him—Wrote his father—Telegraphed his sister—120 wounded fed.

Wed. Wrote home—packed box &c, started for Fairfax Station—Went with Mr. Alexander, of Pomfret, Conn., to F. Court-house to distribute some boxes—How grateful the soldiers are! Distributed many books to Cavalry.

Eve. Sick men came in from hospitals. Fed & cared for some 213 men—Was up all night—Got the men off at 4 a.m.—All day the sick came in; we fed and cheered & helped—At 4 p.m. signs of a move; at 6 all packed—a grand march forward—we came to headquarters. Called at Armory Hosp. (Wash.) to see Capt. Mott—His brother & sister came in answer to telegraph—He knew me, smiled, thanked me again & said he was a sinner and needed Christ.

Visited Smithsonian Institute—White House—Patent Office—Power's Washington from Baton Rouge, La.—Original draft of Constitution—Benj. Franklin's Press—Japanese garden-vase—Washington's personal effects—tea & dinner sets—Iron treasure chest (1 x 2 ft.)—His dress, when he resigned Commission at Annapolis—Bureau from Arlington—old chair—18 silk robes presented by Japanese—Franklin's gold-head cane presented to Washington.

Visited Armory Hospital—Had a most interesting season in close conversation with the men—found them interested and ready to talk—Distributed some 4 doz. books and some 3 doz. papers, and gave 5 bottles of jelly.

Sabbath—June 28—Morning—Went in company with bro. Williams to the S. S. at Dr. Sutherland's Church (Presbyterian)—Talked to infant class—Heard Dr. Gurley preach—a good straightforward sermon—made a beautiful allusion to the death of Admiral Foote—P.M. Went to Mt. Pleasant Hospital. Talked

after bro. Williams—Went through the wards—Visited the Contraband Camps—Went around among the colored folks: they seemed happy. Eve.—Attended union prayer-meeting at Dr. Sutherland's.

Tues. Capitol—Presidential Room—Frescoes—Jefferson, E. Randolph, Henry Knox, A. Hamilton.

Wed. Visited Armory Hospital—Distributed reading &c.

Thurs. Visited Hospital again.

Fri. Packed, and started for Baltimore on the way to Gettysburg and the field of battle—Obliged to stop at Baltimore all night—Our goods detained till Monday—Made some purchases.

Sat. Started in cars for Westminster. In p.m. rode over to Little's town on way to Gettysburg. Got supper—milk and bread. Slept across the way; paid 50c for lodging and breakfast. Rode over to the scene of battle—Awful; found 2 Army Corps Hospitals. Bringing in wounded all the day—Saw and helped in amputations—Gave consolation to many—Saw soldiers buried. (Here follow many individual conversations, and help given to the wounded.)

Monday. July—Went over the battlefield of the left. Tell how it seemed. Returning found the grave of Capt. Smith of 17th Maine, and Lieut. McCobb, of Boothbay; was overcome for the moment.

Tues. Morn. Went out and sodded the graves of Smith and McCobb.

I have given only a few jottings from my father's Diary written while on duty at Alexandria, Washington, and Gettysburg. Much in the Diary was too private and personal for use here, but I feel that what I have selected adds interest to the account of the good work done for the United States Christian Commission, in 1863.

CHAPTER IV

PETITION

I pray the Word, oh Lord,
That I may stand erect
And in the surge of sin
Be one with truth's elect.

I pray a sign, oh Lord,
That in the dimly known
A light may shine for me—
My soul may find its own.

Lord I believe—Help Thou
My unbelief—The cry
Of faith that pleads midst doubt
That life may not deny.

No more a voice from out
The flaming bush is blest
To man; nor dearest hope
To him made manifest.

As in the ancient days,
O'er Judah's plain, the star
Of promise led unto
The cradled King afar.

So may it be: a star
In faith's clear heaven seen
Whose light again shall lead
Unto the Nazarine.

E. H. B.

CHAPTER IV

The Searsport Ministry from 1864 to 1876.

Twelve Happy Years of Successful Service—An Account of this Pastorate—Tributes to his Work at the Centennial of the First Congregational Church, Searsport, Maine, in 1915—Centennial Sermon (1915) by his son, Rev. William Cushing Adams.

AFTER his return to New Sharon, Maine, Rev. Jonathan E. Adams continued as minister there till 1864, when he was called to the First Congregational Church, of Searsport, Maine. He had remained five years in the New Sharon pastorate, and was now in the full vigor of health and mature manhood. He followed Rev. Dr. Stephen Thurston, who was resigning a long pastorate of thirty-nine years in the Searsport Church, to become the Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society.

For twelve years, from 1864 to 1876, my father enjoyed a most happy and successful ministry at Searsport, Maine. It was a busy pastorate, as he was also in charge of the Second Congregational Church, at Searsport Harbor, preaching there every Sunday afternoon, as well as Sunday morning and evening in the First Church. In 1873 there was a religious revival in the local Congregational and Methodist churches, their pastors carrying on all the special services. Forty-three were taken into the Congregational Church, in 1873, and many more were interested in religion, so that one hundred or more were admitted to the church about that time. The Searsport church was strong and active following the Civil War. There was much shipbuilding in the town, as many as seven ships being under construction at one time. The congregations at all services were large and filled the church. There have been *nine ministers sent forth from the Searsport Church*—two or three of these were tutored and prepared by my father for their further ministerial studies. He kept his keen interest in teaching, and served as Supervisor of schools.

I believe with him the cause of *education* was second only to that of *religion*.

Among the ministers the Searsport Church sent forth were Rev. Edwin Smith, father of Rev. E. R. Smith, of the Andover Band in Maine, and later Secretary of the New Hampshire Home Missionary Society, also Rev. Albert H. Thompson, who joined the church in 1875, and in 1915 delivered the Historical Address at its Centennial Observance. Another, Rev. Almon J. Rackliff, who also joined the church in 1875, was pastor for several years in the Congregational Church in Skowhegan, Maine. The writer of these reminiscences was baptized in the Searsport Church in 1871, and was privileged to preach the Centennial Sermon in 1915.

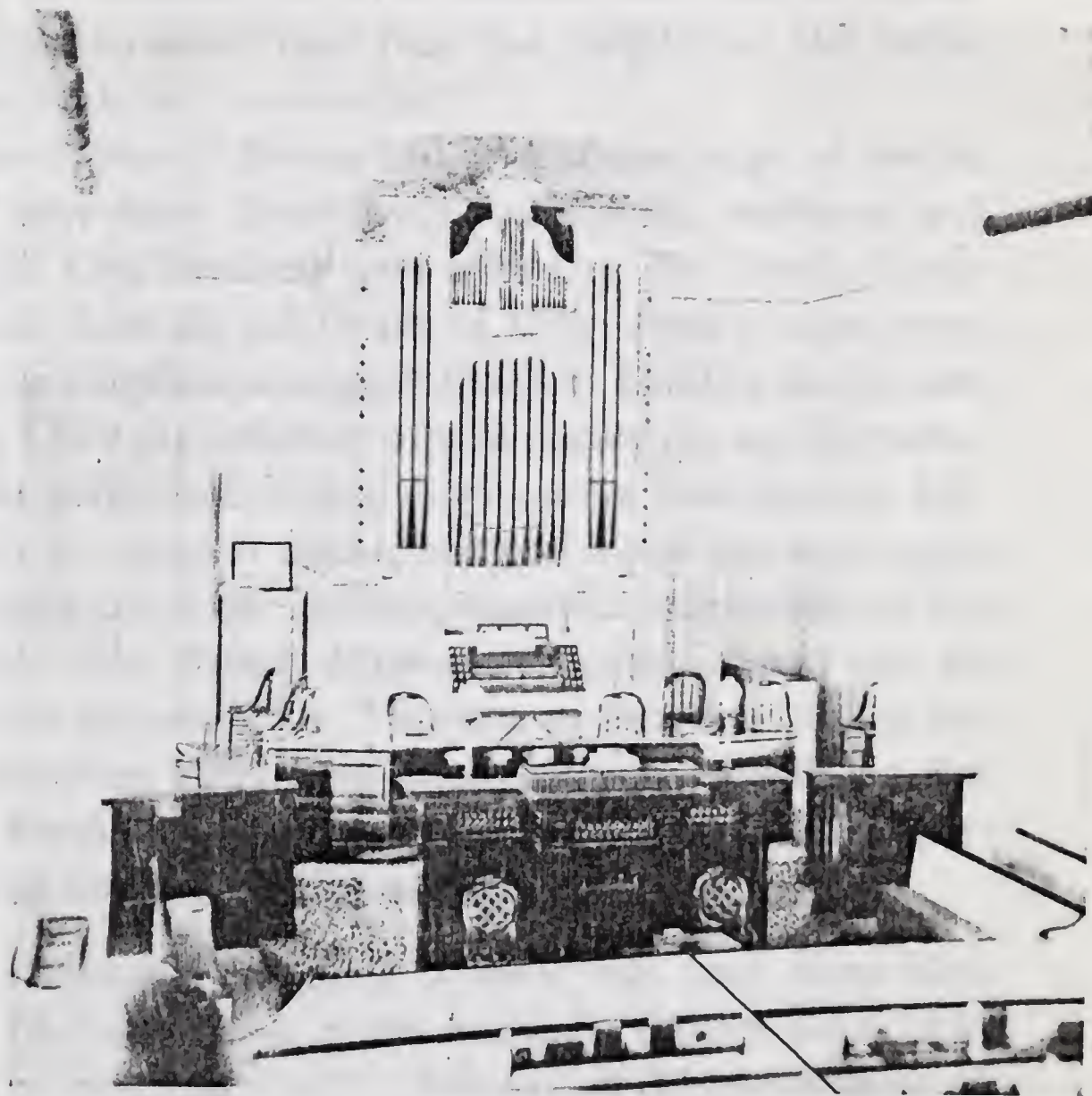
There were five sons in the family, all but the eldest being born in Searsport, Maine. Samuel Gray Adams, and Maurice Thwing Adams died in infancy. My older brother, Edwards Chase Adams, was born October 19, 1865, and died at his home in Bangor, Maine, May 15, 1904. My remaining brother, Fred-eric Winslow Adams, was born July 19, 1867, and lived in Bangor, Maine, where he died at his home, July 3, 1932. I shall pay my loving tribute to these two brothers and to my father and mother in Chapter VII—"Closing Years and Happy Home Life." I shall always have a warm affection for Searsport, Maine, but as I was not born till 1871, near the close of the Searsport ministry, I shall need to draw on the estimates of others for this period of service.

In 1915 the Centennial of the founding of the First Congregational Church of Searsport, Maine, was observed. The various addresses and sermons were later preserved in a book of the Centennial. From the Historical Address, by Rev. A. J. Thompson, the following may be gleaned:

"We welcomed in 1864, as the new minister, the genial Jonathan E. Adams, who got into the good graces of those who



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SEARSPORT, MAINE



SEARSPORT—INTERIOR OF CHURCH
During pastorate of Rev. J. E. Adams (1864-1876)

worked in the ship-yard, by sitting down, as a brother man, on the big timbers and talking with them of the sea. It was a new thing for the minister to do. Then, when the old Penobscot, No. 1 Engine was having a tryout on the bridge, the new minister surprised them all by taking a hand at the brakes without losing his dignity. The minister can serve his community and be a community servant in other lines than the pulpit; but the pulpit throne must not be left to crumble."

"Jonathan Edwards Adams had a beneficent reign of twelve years, and won many hearts by his urbanities, manliness and brotherliness. One hundred were added to the church, forty-three of them from the tidal wave of 1873, when so many were swept into the kingdom, coming in shoals or families. In the next September, I felt the influence of that revival, in my first occupancy of the pulpit, and looked down on our humble pew. Mr. Adams with his musical talent, enjoyed much the new organ and the singing and other features, musical and otherwise of the church work. The Maine Missionary Society found out his worth, and he succeeded Dr. Thurston as Secretary of that Society. His frequent visits were always welcome; Penobscot Bay and Goose Pond or Swan Lake found him congenial and appreciative, as did always our religious meetings."

At this Centennial, in 1915, a letter was read from Rev. Robert G. Harbutt, pastor of the Searsport Church from 1886 to 1901. The references to Dr. Adams and the parishioners of his time are here given:

"Dr. Adams I knew and loved, whose kindliness and loveliness made friends of all, both young and old, and the sweetness of whose Christian spirit was a benediction. Though my years of service outnumbered his, I can only hope and pray that they may have approached even measurably near, though they could never equal the splendid influence of his life and work in Sears-

port. Words of emphatic and kindly appreciation of my own work and preaching, only a few weeks before his death, are among my most cherished memories."

"Who can adequately review the names of those who belong to the roll-call of the past of the church? There was dear old Dea. Field, who, I believe, took as much delight for years in paying the minister as did the dominie in receiving it. The Pendletons, of honored and influential name, Phineas, James G., and John G.; John McGilvery; Deacon B. O. Sargent (I give no order of merit, but just as the names come while writing). William Babbage Sawyer (familiarly and affectionately 'Bab' Sawyer) long time choir leader and Deacon, hero of nineteen battles or more, in the Civil War, of which he never talked unless questioned; the Carvers; the Nickels, 'J. C.' and Albert—other Nichols there were too; Joshua and William Green; yes, 'Nichols' a many; Edwin Griffin; lovable and kindly Dr. Hopkins; Charles Adams; Joshua Black; Andrew Colcord, erstwhile Captain of the missionary ship *Morning Star*, and ever sternly but loyally tenacious of his creed and faith; George McClure; Edward Sheldon—one cannot name all the men, and 'of honorable women not a few' who attended church so regularly, and helped sustain church and town. They have all passed on, but are a part of the great 'cloud of witnesses,' who, I am sure, rejoice with you in this One Hundredth Anniversary."

When, as the son of their minister, from 1864 to 1876, I was asked to preach the sermon at the Centennial of the founding of the First Congregational Church, Searsport, Maine, in 1915, I deemed it a great honor. I gave of the best that was in me for that occasion. The reproduction of the sermon will, I trust, fittingly close this chapter on the Searsport ministry of Jonathan Edwards Adams.

CONGREGATIONAL CENTENNIAL

at SEARSPORT, MAINE

1815-1915

Morning Sermon, Sunday, August 8, 1915

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL AND THE ETERNAL RELIGION

REV. WILLIAM C. ADAMS

Epistle to the Hebrews. 11:40 and 12:1

God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

The eleventh chapter of Hebrews has been called the Westminster Abbey of the New Testament. The worthies therein mentioned having been gloriously witnessed of, in turn become the witnesses of the later contestants in the spectacles, games and races of human life. They are among the great cloud of witnesses which compass us about. This figure of speech is taken from the Græco-Macedonian games, which formed the absorbing pastime and never-failing amusement of the times. Greeks, Romans and the neighboring peoples had a great fondness for these recreations. It was almost a craze with them. We cannot think of them apart from the Isthmian and Olympic games, the Arena and gladiatorial combats. Those ancient nations were all bent on physical supremacy. And so it is not strange that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews desired to infuse something of this enthusiasm into the spiritual life.

We are all contestants in the heavenly race. The Church Universal comprises those of every age and clime who sincerely struggle after the truth. They are the unseen multitude of the worthy of the past, present and future. There is a unity of mankind which boasts of a common Father. As the world moves on, man progresses; and yet it were presumptuous on our part not to admit that those who preceded us obtained glimpses of the ever-

lasting truth. We their children may change our ideas, as new light breaks forth; and that is right. Men have always done this. But, I wish to emphasize the assertion, that some portion of the eternal truth has ever been the possession of the children of God, under whatever name or creed.

God of ages and of nations!
Every race and every time,
Hath received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.

Let us consider at this time: "The Church Universal and the Eternal Religion." And, in dealing with this subject, it is the natural order to speak first of the beginnings of the Church. But, it is not my purpose now to treat this question, which is so large and important.

I. However, I would refer to that portion of the past, which is concerned with the early history of New England. The Pilgrim Fathers, to use Canning's words, "turned to the New World to redress the balance of the Old." Some modern historians have tried to show, that it was for economic reasons the Pilgrims came to these shores. But, remembering the bitter privations which they endured, the hardships, famine, sickness and death, and how through it all, they maintained a deep religious faith, I am inclined to think it was not for economic reasons they sought a home in New England, but rather for the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. Notwithstanding the views of modern historians, I still prefer to accept Miss Heman's grand account of the coming of our forefathers to New England.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained, what here they found
FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD.

This expresses the belief with which I am heartily in accord, that their mission was profoundly a religious one. Long before Lord Baltimore's settlement in Maryland, and only a few years after the settlement of John Smith in Virginia, the Church of the Brownist or Independent Refugees, driven in the reign of James to Holland, determined to find a home in the wilds of the New World. Nor were they disheartened by the tidings of suffering in Virginia, but thrived on, sustained by a strong religious faith, manifesting itself in brotherly love. And so, here in New England, there came to be established

"A Church without a Bishop
A State without a King."

Nearly two hundred years later, in 1815, there was founded in this town a Congregational church, the First Congregational Church of Searsport, Maine. In this year, 1915, it is celebrating the completion of a century's existence. From small beginnings, fostering the spirit of New England democracy, and its spiritual life quickened by religious revivals in 1825, '35, '40, '52, and in 1873, it has been a strong moral and religious factor in the development of the higher life of the community. Because of the interest in ship-building and the sea-faring life, the town itself has had a somewhat far-reaching influence, due largely to the activities of the Merchant Marine, a half century ago. And the names of families like Carver, Colcord, Gilky, McGilvery, Nickels, and Pendleton, should be mentioned in connection with the material progress and prosperity of the town, as well as in the spiritual growth of the church. Various trials and triumphs could be enumerated by one well versed in the history of this church and people, but through them all it has come like a mighty vessel on life's sea to one of its ports of destination, after braving the storms, weathering the gales, and crossing the seas of a hundred years.

Now, many changes take place in a century. There has been progress along all lines, very naturally. The ideas of the present age differ somewhat from those of the past. During the passing years, there has been a development in religious thought. But, should we not expect progress in religion, as in anything else? Was not the first minister of the Pilgrims, Pastor John Robinson, a man of the progressive spirit, judging from his attitude, when he exclaimed: "If God shall reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, be ready to receive it. For I am very confident the LORD has more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy word." To illustrate some differences between the past and the present, the preaching then and now are very different. Emphasis was then laid on the individual; now great stress is placed upon the kingdom of GOD, brotherly love, and the salvation of society. However, many ideas are the same yesterday, today, and forever. New light may break in, but the same spirit of sincerity and earnestness animates the religious devotee in all ages. There are elemental ideas which are at the basis of all true religion. "The seekers of the light are one," *i.e.*, in noble aim and purpose. Hence the Church Universal belongs in some measure to the past. Certain truths are for all time. There is a kernel inside the husk and wrappings, which indicates the essential, without which the non-essential is dead and lifeless. Such fundamental ideas as GOD, freedom, and immortality are not likely to be outgrown in any age or race.

Several years ago there appeared a book which attracted wide attention. It also caused much discussion. I refer to Mallock's *Is Life Worth Living*. The main argument was, that without a religious faith and a hope in immortality, life is not worth living. The creed of unbelief is dreary and hopeless. But, to believe in a GOD, whom we serve, doing his will, and under whose care we daily live; and to look forward to a blessed immortality, "which the LORD, the righteous judge will give to all them that have

loved his appearing,"—this indeed makes life worth living. God, freedom, immortality,—the great leaders in thought have always insisted upon and agreed upon such essentials as these. For example, to take the last one hundred years, note the common spirit which animated William Ellery Channing, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks in America; and Maurice, Robertson, Stanley, and Martineau in England.

And yet I would not by any means imply that religion is not progressive. We should be to our age what our fathers were to their age.

II. This leads me to say, that the present is needed to continue the good work of the past, and to prophesy of the future. We have our duties and responsibilities. "The great cloud of witnesses" are looking down upon us, and expecting us to do our duty. Society is made up of individuals, and so we each have our work to do. No race is won save at the utmost endeavor of the contestant. There is need of patience and perseverance. In this race we are cautioned "to lay aside every weight." The soldier on the march carries only the most necessary baggage. The runner on the race-course is free from all superfluous clothing. And such burdens as useless cares and worries hinder one in life's spiritual contest. Here is where the cheerful optimist has the advantage over the gloomy pessimist. The pessimist expects things to go wrong, takes it for granted, and is inclined to do little to better conditions, while the optimist is surprised if all goes not well, and is eager to hasten to right the wrong. Needless burdens are only a hindrance in life's race. Furthermore, after laying aside every weight, we are urged to run the race with patience. Patience, perseverance, and endurance to the end characterize nearly every great achievement. Work and hope should be our motto in the presence of any important undertaking. Following out the figure of the race-course, there are spectators at the races, and these in general are of two kinds:

friendly and critical. The apostles found them in their persecutors on the one hand, and in their fellow-workers on the other. Critical witnesses are not always evident. Some judge of persons in a very superficial manner. This is the way of the world. Public opinion is too often a critical rather than a friendly witness. Whoever runs the race of life is always exposed to these ever-present eyes. To allow one's self to be hindered in any worthy work is extremely foolish. It is far better to fail in any good undertaking, than not to try at all. However, it is the friendly eyes that are our great help and inspiration. Parents, relatives and friends follow with eagerness the runner on life's track, and urge him to do his utmost. They are like the pacer who goes beside the contestant, and encourages him to do his best.

The Church needs charitable witnesses at the present time. Too much criticism and too little friendly coöperation is enough to ruin any ordinary cause. Not that the Church is like a weak and sickly child, that demands constant care and much nursing back to health. It was never more strong and vigorous, but it does ask continued interest on the part of its members. The Church does not want pampering, only loyal support. And this because it has a great work to do. Its needs are many, it is true; but the blessings it confers are ten-fold more.

Now we are in the midst of a terrible World-tragedy—the Great European War. If the United States can preserve neutrality in this almost universal warfare of the great world powers, I believe that neutrality will go down in history to its everlasting credit. Let us hope too, that ere the sun has set on the year 1915, peace, universal peace will be proclaimed.

Have you not noticed that the significant dates in the history of this First Congregational Church stand for vital facts in our American development. The year when this church was founded, 1815, peace was effected after a second war with England. That peace has now been operative one hundred years. The year 1865,

when this church observed its semi-centennial, witnessed the establishment of peace between the North and South, at the close of four years of terrible warfare in civil strife. Would that this centennial year, 1915, might put on its record a lasting and effectual peace between the warring nations of Europe! If so, 1815, 1865, and 1915 would be great dates in the history of the world, as well as in the history of this church. Someone has said, with much of truth in the assertion, "there never was a good war or a bad peace."

Another great "duty of the church is to make more spiritual the life of the time." (Canon Freemantle.) I believe that it is slowly doing this, lifting society out of its sordid materialism, and working for the higher and spiritual life. And it is doing this, not so much by denying and repressing the material, as by infusing into it the spirit of true brotherly love, and a kindlier charity. A noble Christian love is the solution of every vexed problem. It softens the troubles between capital and labor; it works for peace among the nations. It supplements the harsh principles of evolution, "the struggle for existence," and the "survival of the fittest" by that larger principle "the struggle for the life of others." And the church is doing this, not always with the blare of trumpets, or in any loud and noticeable way, but yet effectively and permanently. Thus we believe in the ongoing of the divine movement of love in the world, quietly, slowly, but surely redeeming the races of mankind. In the large faith and hope of the poet Browning:

And earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.

The church is working toward a more spiritual worship of God. It is lifting religion out of superstitions and traditions into the holy of holies of the divine love. And man is taught that while the foundations of life strike downward into the material, by reason of his divine sonship he mounts upward into the spiritual.

And so man becomes a worshipful being. Endowed with the perils and possibilities of a free will he enters upon the arena of life. LAW says, "you must," "this is the way, walk ye in it." LOVE says, "you may;" "In my Father's house are many mansions." And in the service of GOD, man finds his everlasting salvation and peace.

The church is not only teaching a freer, more spontaneous worship; it is interested in the cause of education. It works for the intelligent building up of body and mind. The institutional church labors directly for this end. But, above all, the best work of the church is in spreading abroad the spirit of brotherly love, the greatest of Christian virtues. The age is one of federation and brotherhood. The poet's dream of the "parliament of man, the federation of the world" is far from being realized today. The war-drum continues to throb, and the battle flags are not all furled, but when peace is declared after this present war, we would that it might be a permanent peace. All churches, this church, and you and I as individuals can have some part in bringing in a world peace. Let us, if possible, maintain neutrality with honor. The armies of the future will, I believe, be regarded as a sort of international police, working for the observance of international law, and settling all disputes peaceably, or at least with little of the terrible carnage of war.

In the religious world, federation has already become a powerful word. Protestant churches are coming together, and the indications are that the time is not so very far distant, when all the Protestant churches will forget all minor differences in form and word, and unite in one holy Church Universal. The reward of the church and the individual in contending in this heavenly race is as sure as the fact that there is a goal of highest endeavor. Victory will crown all at last. For, not merely one but every runner in this spiritual race will receive a prize, even the "prize of the high calling of GOD." Wherefore, let us "press toward

the mark," and let us not be weary in well-doing, until the CHURCH MILITANT (this church and all churches), becomes the Church Triumphant and Universal.

A few years ago I stood on Sunset Ledge, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, where one can look into seven states. I never expect to look upon a more lovely landscape. There Nature is lavishly beautiful. Indeed the one impression that came to me was that this vast panorama transcended the bounds of time and space, and translated the beholder to a timeless existence, and a boundless universe. At such time, one hundred years would seem as one day. Our heritage of the past century may likewise be brought together in this one inspiring moment. Our hearts may be filled with a saddened joy as we think of those noble and Christ-like lives, who have gone, as we believe, to join the invisible and encompassing "cloud of witnesses." But this heritage is ours to pass on to the advancing generations, with "no blot on the 'scutcheon." One blessed thought of immortality is that as these have, so we may live on in the lives of others.

The members of this branch of the Church Universal, by sympathetic relationships, will prove a tremendous factor in the development of the economic, political, social, and religious life of this community. The duty then is to work for the larger and nobler life, following the example of the Great Teacher, our Master, JESUS the Christ.

There is a beautiful legend. It is a poem of the transformation of a cottage. "While the peasant slept in his chair he dreamed and lo, the thatched roof lifted up and became the roof of a temple. The little cracked windows became large, arched, and filled with colored glass. The low walls gave place to glorious paintings. The fireplace became a golden altar, over which bended the angel forms of his children, departed and dead." (Newell Dwight Hillis.) Is this not a beautiful story, picturing for us the strange and wonderful transformation, that has passed

over society, and is taking place today, revealing the immanence of God in His world, the guiding power of a loving, heavenly Father? And, that we may have a place and work in this transformation of the Temple of GOD, shall we not here and now renew our consecration to the service of the Church Universal?

Our debt is to the Past, our duty is to the Present, our hope is for the Future. Or as expressed in the words of the text, "GOD having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." We long for the speedy establishment of the Church Universal on earth, and our aspirations teach us to pray the prayer of the poet:

Almighty Maker of the countless spheres,
 Father of Christ and all the holy seers,
 How long must prayerful faith expectant wait
 Thy promised kingdom in this mortal state?
 When through the true, the Christlike Church renewed,
 The race of men with love shall be imbued:—
 When all on earth shall know and do thy will
 As all in Heaven thy perfect law fulfil.

CHAPTER V

Conclusion of an address to the students of Bangor Theological Seminary, delivered by Secretary Adams, in 1886.

You have on your side all the good and just and true—the triumphs of right thus far—and a leader who is sure to make good all His promises to redeem the world unto himself. My dear brothers, this is your inheritance. We who are older have been fighting our battles, and enjoying victories as they were achieved. We almost envy you the opportunity already upon you. May the crowning day reveal that you have proved faithful unto the uttermost.

J. E. A.

Never can I forget the grand old Society and the Churches of Maine, to which has been given the best score of years in my life. Let this be my benediction. The Lord bless the Maine Missionary Society, and keep it; the Lord make His face to shine upon it, and be gracious unto it; the Lord lift up His countenance upon it, and grant it peace.

From Farewell Address of Secretary Adams, in 1895

My friends, personally my faith is strong in the Lord. I believe more and more in Jesus Christ the righteous. I look yet for mighty results under the power of the Spirit. I cling still to the Word of God, as my compass and chart to direct me to duty and the haven of rest. Sweeter, and sweeter, and SWEETER are the consolations I draw from the study of the Gospel—it is as honey and the honeycomb to my taste. And now that I turn in the rapid descent to the end of the race, and my days will be as the shadows that declineth, I hope to act with the end in view, and to fill the measure of my days in some degree of service. And when the Master calls, I hope to be found so doing.

J. E. A.

Closing words from sermon on reaching the age of seventy. First delivered in 1892, and repeated on occasion for several years thereafter.

CHAPTER V

Secretaryship of the Maine Missionary Society (1876-1895).

Matured and enriched by nearly twenty years in the Pastorate—Statistics and Reminiscences—The Interdenominational Commission—Pres. Hyde, of Bowdoin College, the first President of this Commission, holding that office, till his death, in 1917—Tribute to the work of Secretary Adams by Secretary Harbutt—"One Phase of Home Missionary Work in Maine," by Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D., Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society—Reprinted from *The Home Missionary* for June, 1894.

IN 1876 Jonathan Edwards Adams relinquished the happy pastorate of twelve years at Searsport, Maine, to become Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. He held this office in active service till his resignation in 1895, but he continued as Trustee of the Maine Missionary Society, giving also assistance by wise counsel out of a long experience, until his death in 1901. He also was Treasurer of the Maine Congregational Charitable Society until 1901, thus giving twenty-five years of faithful service to all the Congregational Churches of Maine. He had already given twenty years of service to the churches where he ministered from the time he entered Bangor Theological Seminary in 1856, throughout his Seminary course, followed by the year at Boothbay, five years at New Sharon, and twelve years at Searsport, all in Maine. Therefore, it can be said that he gave forty-five years of the best of his life in the service of Maine Congregationalism.

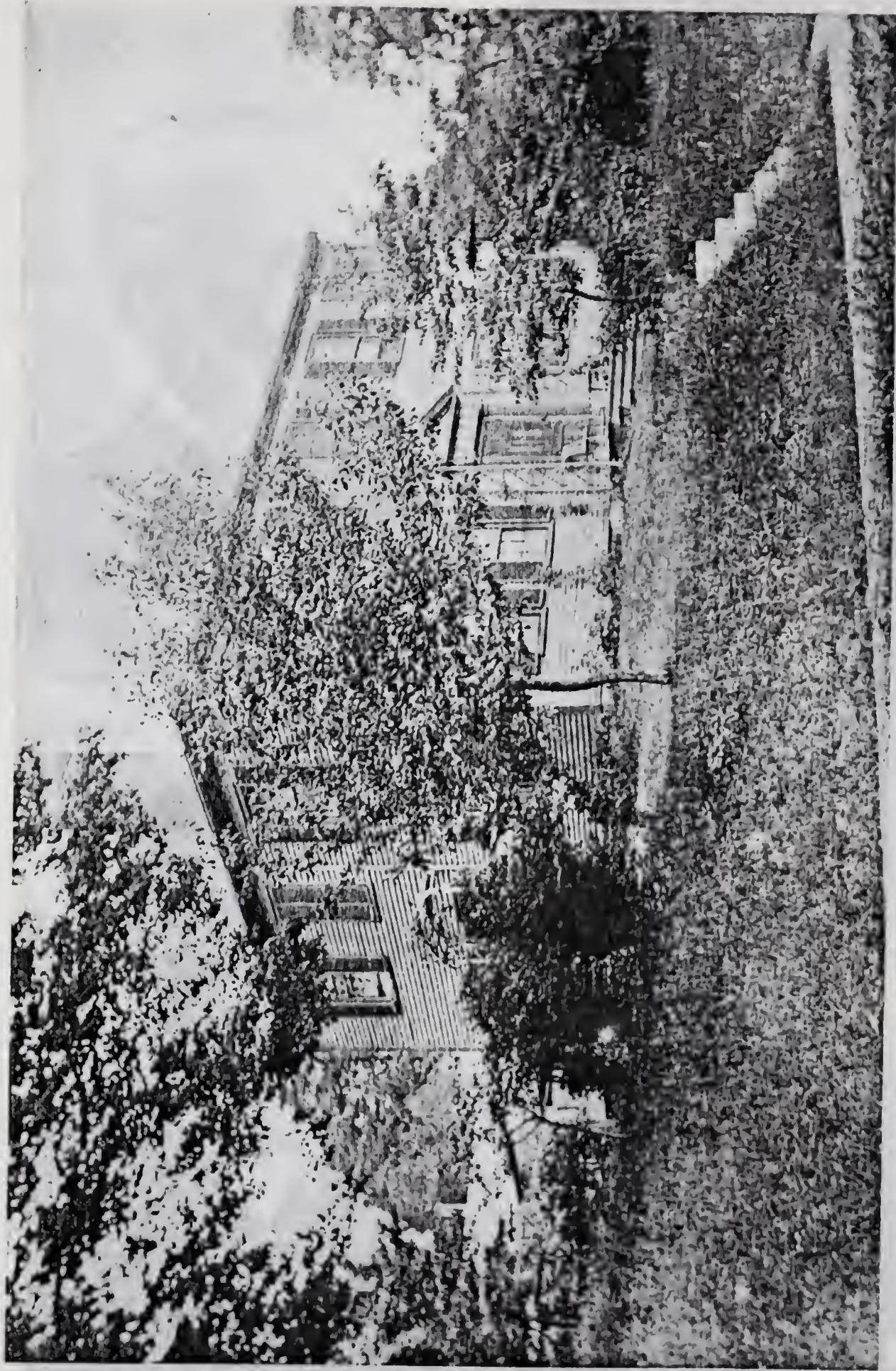
For a full account of the work of the Maine Missionary Society during the Administration of Secretary Adams, I would call attention to his Annual Reports, also to the admirable *History of the Maine Missionary Society*, by Prof. Calvin Montague Clark, D.D., published by The Southworth Press, of Portland, Maine, in 1926.

I think my father knew personally all the Secretaries of the Society, from Dr. Gillet, who was the first in 1807, and served until 1849. He had it in mind to write a History of the Society and his reminiscences of the Secretaries, but although possessed of abundant material, failing strength prevented achieving that cherished purpose.

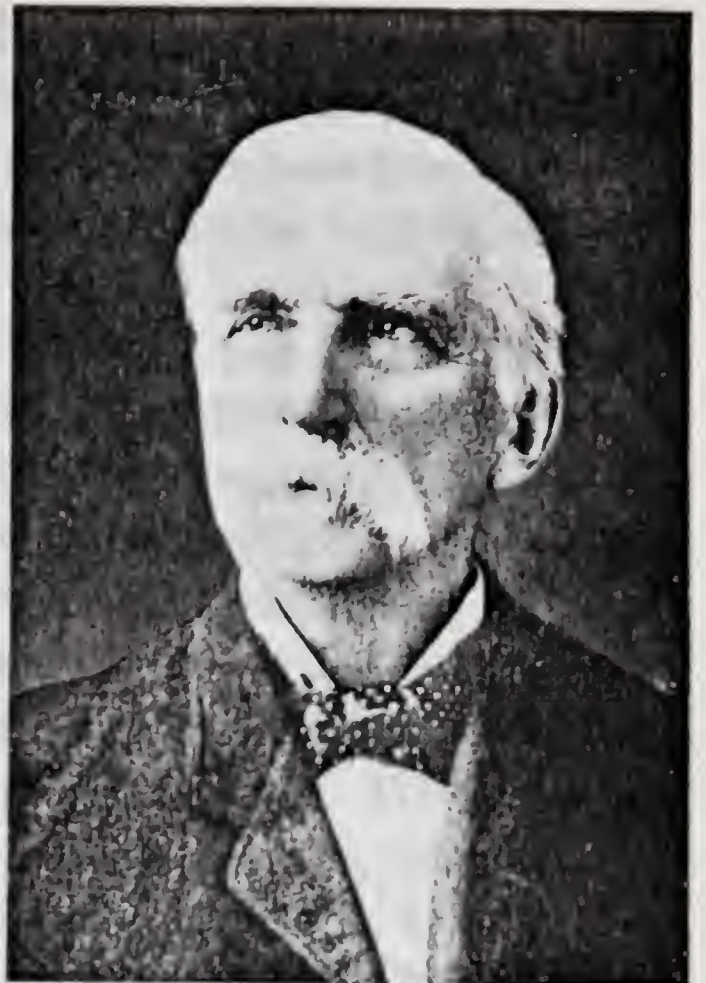
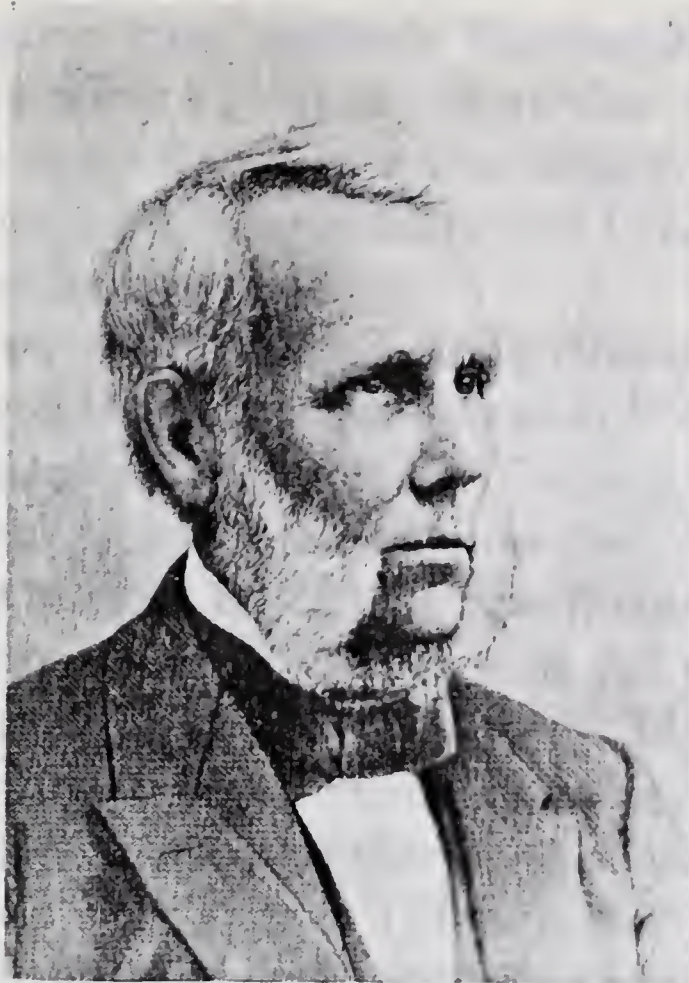
I remember as a boy being taken on some of his missionary trips to groups of churches. On one such visit, in Washington County, we stopped at the home of Daniel J. Sawyer in Jonesport. He was much interested in the work of the Society then, and I was pleased to note that in 1911 he left the sum of \$5,000 for its endowment funds. On another trip to the churches on Mt. Desert Island, and nearby churches, e.g., Outer Long Island, I remember a very pleasant week. There were several services, conferences, dedication of a new church building, and the like. From one of these churches, Somesville, in 1884, a gift from Nehemiah Kittredge added \$5,000 to the trust funds of the Maine Missionary Society.

For a decade after 1882 the Society succeeded, by increase of donations, through a better system of collections, and by means of legacies, in going to the end of each year with a larger or smaller balance in the treasury. Meantime, expenses increased, in 1883 \$10,382 being spent for missions, while in 1893, \$19,438 was thus used, the increase being made possible by large legacies. I speak of this enlarging work, carried on without aid from the National Home Missionary Society, all through Secretary Adams' tenure of office, because I know it gave him just pride that the Maine Society could carry on without financial help outside the State. It was what I might call one of the high lights of his secretaryship that the Maine Missionary Society was self-sustaining, and independent of assistance from outside the state.

Another bright spot in this period of service was the coming of the Andover Band to Maine in 1892. Five strong and earnest



DR. GILLET'S PARSONAGE AT HALLOWELL, MAINE
Birthplace of the Maine Missionary Society in 1807



PRESIDENT HARRIS
PRESIDENT HYDE

PRESIDENT CHAMBERLAIN
PRESIDENT SILLS

graduates from Andover Theological Seminary were ordained in Farmington, Maine, September 27, 1892, for coöperative work in several towns in that vicinity. Secretary Adams gave the charge to the five ministers, and I remember he put high value upon this movement.

Two of the Andover Band, Edwin R. Smith and Edward R. Stearns, later became, in succession, Secretary of the N. H. Home Missionary Society, and Mr. Gregory (who died suddenly, April 17, 1933), was a general missionary of the Maine Society from 1907 to 1910. Rev. O. D. Sewall was the great-grandson of the veteran itinerant missionary of the early years of the Maine Society, "Father" Jotham Sewall. He is at present treasurer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. Rev. William Watson Ranney, another of the five, was at Phillips, Maine, then in Park Church (Horace Bushnell's), Hartford, Conn., next at Colorado Springs, Col., and finally at Hanover, N. H., the Church of Christ of Dartmouth College, where he died. His wife is now one of the mid-West Congregational Regional Secretaries, Rev. Helen Street Ranney.

Secretary Adams recommended this form of coöperation, not only for the students and younger men, but also for the older ministers. As early as 1880 he had made proposals and plans for "branch churches." There were also several "Union Churches" throughout the state. From all this, and the splendid work of the Andover Band, came the "larger parish," the "federated church" and successful forms of religious coöperation.

Secretary Adams also manifested a deep interest in the "Inter-denominational Commission," which perhaps had its inception in 1888, when President Hyde in a *Forum* article, "Impending Paganism in New England," also in a sermon at the State Conference, touched on conditions in rural communities, and Secretary Adams' report said the "situation demanded interdenominational action." President Hyde was the president of this Com-

mission from its organization in 1891 to his death in 1917. It was a great movement for that day, as we look back from our vantage ground of the "Federated Church," the "Community Church" and State and National "Federation of Churches." The Commission worked well then, and the various denominational heads coöperated, so that no town should be over-churched, or a new church organized unless there were ample reason for another. Thus, in place of competition, there was fostered mutual good will and religious fellowship.

Secretary Adams was also interested in the Maine Congregational Charitable Society, serving as its treasurer for the last thirty years of his life. He was most sympathetic in dispensing aid to the wives and children of deceased ministers. In this work he had associated the last twelve or thirteen years with Professor Denio, who said of him, "There were two things especially manifest in his administration. One was his unfailing kindness, and the other was the tact with which he performed his duties."

In conclusion, I would emphasize again that my father's chief work was for the Maine Missionary Society. I attended with him that last conference at Westbrook in 1895, where he resigned his secretaryship. Never did he speak more earnestly and eloquently, and I know every one in the large gathering was deeply moved. May I not quote his closing words? "Never can I forget the grand old Society and the churches of Maine, to which has been given the best score of years in my life. Let this be my benediction. The Lord bless the Maine Missionary Society, and keep it; the Lord make His face to shine upon it and be gracious unto it; the Lord lift up His countenance upon it, and grant it peace."

Many of the ministers present spoke in highest tribute to the long and worthy service of the retiring secretary. That summer of 1895, the last of his secretaryship, he commissioned me to preach in Burlington, Maine, and the Sunday he came up at the

close of the season to receive six into the church on confession of faith, followed by a communion service, will ever be cherished in memory.

Here, I wish to glean from an address at the Searsport Centennial, in 1915, by Rev. Charles Harbutt, then Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, in regard to Secretary Adams and his work for Maine Congregationalism. From that address, I now quote, as follows:

"Dr. Adams began work in 1876. We had 242 churches, 175 resident ministers, and 15,656 members. Admissions to the churches were 1,155 for the year. In 1895, the last year of Dr. Adams' service, invested funds had grown to \$36,302, and Trust Funds to \$10,710, a total of \$47,012. There were 17,168 resident members, a gain of 1,512 in nineteen years."

"In Dr. Thurston's day there was no Interdenominational Commission. Every denominational representative did as he pleased, working where he could, as he felt inclined, regardless of the rights of others. The Commission was born during the administration of Dr. Adams, and its spirit is widespread to-day (1915), although some men still pay no attention to the demands of comity; however, the conditions under which work is now being done is vastly improved."

"I wish to pay a tribute to Dr. Adams who, I consider, was one of the best men Maine Congregationalism ever produced. Dr. Adams I knew and learned to love, and it would prove me unworthy to be in this honorable succession, did I not bear witness to the great work which he wrought for the denomination and for the kingdom of God within this State. He was the Greatheart of Maine Congregationalism, and his love and devotion to the churches knew no bounds. I think ours was a case of 'love at first sight.' I was a little older than the average of men entering Bangor Seminary, and Dr. Adams seemed to take to me from the first, and to put a good deal of confidence in me,

and I know that his genial disposition and great and kindly heart drew me to him at once. He was one of the men who helped me to the position I now hold, and I can never forget the fact that he came to his end, through his wish to hear the first missionary address, I gave in the city of Bangor. It was one of the bleakest days of early winter, and a cold icy wind was blowing through the streets, but the Doctor was bound to go to church, for 'one of his boys,' as he called me, was going to speak. We know the outcome of it. It was too much for the weakened vitality, and on reaching home after the service, he lay down on the couch from which he never rose again. I pay him the tribute of my loving memory."

I know of no better way to close this chapter on the Secretaryship of Jonathan Edwards Adams, than to reproduce in full an article written by him, which appeared in the *Home Missionary*, for June, 1894, entitled, "One Phase of Home Missionary Work in Maine."

ONE PHASE OF HOME MISSIONARY WORK IN MAINE

BY REV. JONATHAN E. ADAMS, D.D., SECRETARY, BANGOR

Maine has an area about equal to that of all the other New England States. Aroostook County is nearly as large as Massachusetts. Originally Maine was a province under the laws of Massachusetts, and became a State in 1820, at the same time with Missouri. The Home Missionary Society of the Mother State early became interested in the religious affairs of the province, and grants of land for church purposes were made by the legislature, especially favoring pastors of "the standing order," as Congregationalists were then known, and the minister's salary was paid from the town treasury.

In 1807 the Maine Missionary Society was organized, and entered upon its work at once. At the first only a few hundred dollars could be gathered and disbursed annually. At the present

time, about \$19,000 are paid each year to the actual workers in the field. Notice the first utterance of the constitution: "The object of this Society is to extend the knowledge of God our Saviour, and to send the glorious Gospel to those who are destitute of the public and stated means of religious instruction." For years this was the chief work of the Society. Such men as Jotham Sewall and John Sawyer went from one end of the province to the other, traveling on horseback or on foot, as might be possible, preaching on Sunday and during the week as opportunity offered and wherever there was a hamlet and hungry souls to be fed with "the bread of life." A schoolhouse, a kitchen, a barn, was a good enough place for worship, and inspiring enough for eloquence and power. During these formative days good seed was sown, and in the train of such men churches sprung up, meeting-houses were built, communities gathered around them, and pastors were settled. In due time some of these churches became self-supporting, strong, and liberal givers to the Missionary Society. Others, though still aided, have been, are, and will be feeders for the city churches, and senders of Christian men and women "to the ends of the earth."

After eighty-seven years we find much of the same work to be done as that which sent Father Sawyer and Sewall up and down in the province. At that time, most of the settlements were within a strip bordering upon the Atlantic coast from York to Quoddy Head, extending inland to the north not more than fifty miles. Gradually they have been pushed toward the Canada boundaries. There still remains a large tract of primitive forests and hunting-grounds which have not often echoed to the sound of the woodman's ax or the huntsman's rifle. Slowly yet surely the settlers are moving along, and the missionary must follow. So we are constantly called "to send the glorious Gospel to those who are destitute of the public and stated means of religious instruction"; that is, to communities too new, too indifferent, too

poor, to pay a pastor, or even to build a modest chapel. At the present time this is one of the interesting phases of our home work. Most of the new organizations come from such beginnings, and some of them develop into important churches, at least in so far as that they lead in their communities and give tone to society in temporals and in morals. A few examples of such work and the apparent results will illustrate this fact.

Sherman, in Aroostook County, was organized as a town in 1862. While it was yet a plantation, under the name of Golden Ridge, I think, in 1861, Christians came together on the "union" basis and thrived fairly well under the vigorous supervision of that veteran pioneer missionary, Rev. W. T. Sleeper. In 1866 it was thought to be desirable, for the sake of fellowship, to take some one of the denominational names. There was a meeting of conference, and the matter was carefully considered. Some came decidedly prejudiced, rather feeling that there could be no true church unless of the name to which they had first subscribed. But after all the likes and unlikes had been specified, even these said promptly and gladly: "There are so many things in which we all agree, and so few in which we differ, we will not and cannot oppose." So with entire unanimity it was called the Washburn Memorial Church, and came into fellowship with the Aroostook Conference. They have since built a parsonage and a commodious meeting-house, and have been blessed with the constant presence of a pastor. Today it is the chief church in town, there being no other very near its center. The village is not large, but there is promise of growth from the recent coming of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. The church now numbers 111, but coming largely from farms, the members are not wealthy. So it has been aided by the Missionary Society from the first. It has always been led by vigorous pastors.

Rev. Isaac C. Bumpus, who has served there for the past twelve years, is a model missionary pastor, beloved by his people,

well known in all the region, and always ready for extra service in the neighboring communities. He is an evangelist-pastor in the true sense, was taken from the ranks, and fits into the right place. You might call him a genius. He was an organ-builder, a practical musician, an artist of considerable merit, and always ready for the exercise of any handicraft. When he visited among his people he would repair an organ or a sewing-machine, much to the delight of the good housewife, who was seldom visited by the professional repairer. Look into the audience room of the church, and you will see an artistic pulpit-set in full, and the finish of the room, all in natural grain of the wood and the work of his own hands. Visit the parsonage, and there you will find conveniences and decorations of his own handiwork. He is one who never asks another to do for him what he can do for himself. Nor does he neglect his studies, his pulpit, or his people in any particular. Many more such consecrated and skilled workers could find places in the pioneer service.

Though this church is made up of people from several denominations, you can now mark little difference in any way, unless that the Congregational church has absorbed all that is good from the forms and customs of other names. At least they are ready and willing workers in every direction.

For another example, Vanceboro is a railroad station on the border of New Brunswick, and important as an "in transit customs" point. In a dozen years it has grown in population from less than 400 to about 1,000. While yet there was no church organization, the people felt the need of religious services, and built them a meeting-house. There were a few professing Christians of various names, but generally "union" sentiments prevailed. The Methodist leaders desired that it should be dedicated under their rules, which meant virtually it should be their church property. The majority being unwilling to give away their rights thus, the Methodist friends organized separately.

The people were supplied variously for a time, till at length they desired a church organization of some kind. In 1891 Mr. P. H. Moore, of Bangor Seminary, supplied them, and they became so much interested that a Congregational church was formed as the one above all others which could well harmonize the various parties. There were nearly thirty who came into the compact, among whom might be found the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, the Baptist, the Free Baptist, the Episcopalian, and two converted Catholics. At present they are quite harmonious, and have Sunday-school, prayer-meeting, young people's society, and the various appointments of a vigorous church. Some may call this a "conglomerate!" But we have in Maine quite a number of very excellent churches which started with just such elements. After ten years of working together, this could not easily be detected. At least the members of such churches cannot see the necessity for multiplying little denominational (not to say sectarian) organizations.

Here is still another type, and taken from the thriving part of the state. In 1883 South Gardiner, on the Kennebec River, was a growing lumber manufacturing village. At that time there was a union building owned by a union society, and the supply of preaching had been rather fitful. The Rev. H. F. Harding, then in business at Hallowell, frequently preached there, and interested the people. Then a permanent supply came from Bangor Seminary, and it was decided to organize a Congregational church and install the man as pastor. At the start the outlook was not very hopeful, when only thirteen persons, and these from several denominations, made up the original band. But after a year or two of foundation laying, a precious revival came, and considerable enlargement followed. In due time the union house was made over to the church, and was quite transformed in the rebuilding. There are now eighty-two members upon the roll, self-support is nearly reached, and those who

were once of various names are now all "one in Christ Jesus."

In connection with this pioneer work, the general missionary is a valued helper and supervisor. In his visitations he has some more or less trying and sometimes amusing experiences. There are no hotels at such points, and he has to find entertainment as he can. The people mean well, and generally manifest the better side before the "angel in disguise" gets away. An item or two from a late report will show that all the rough in pioneer experience is not with the Western missionary.

Sometimes a general missionary is rather roughly handled even by those from whom he has reason to expect better things. It may be the leading man in the church does not care to open the house for a service in the winter time. He is satisfied to have a student for three months in the summer, with a suspension of all meetings for eight or nine months. The church and people, however, are glad to have the minister come at any time.

Once, in the dead of winter, the missionary visited one of the smaller churches which was not constantly supplied, and drove directly to the home of an officer of the church. The wife met him at the door and gave a cordial welcome, but directed him to the barn to find her husband. There, at some distance from the house, he found the man milking his cows. His first greeting was in this fashion: "Humph, I want to know if you have got 'round again?" "Yes; I thought it was time to come." As the man kept on milking, he said: "You do not expect to spend Sunday here, do you?" "I thought it would be well to do so." "Well, you will have to preach to empty pews." "I never have preached to empty pews." "Well, wife and I were reckoning up last night, and we found that thirty men and boys from this little town were in the woods this winter." "Yes; but there are some at home, and all the women and children are at home." The man soon finished milking, and without inviting the minister to stop he carried the milk to the house. Our veteran knew what to do. He put his

horse into the stall and went himself to the house, where he found the man reading a newspaper. The horse needed water, and the visitor was sent to the barn for a pail, while the host kept on reading. In like manner there had to be a hunt for some grain. In the words of the report: "During the evening the man hardly spoke. That was the most suitable place for me, and there was no reason why he should be so cold, except that he did not want the trouble of opening the house for a meeting. As I called upon the people the usual greeting was, 'We are so glad you have come; we are hungry for preaching!' Sunday morning we had a congregation of about fifty persons, and there were more in the evening. My host, who was so unwilling to have a service that day, told me he had no idea there were so many people to come to meeting, and at the last he seemed to be really glad that I had come."

Another experience is told thus: "I had learned of a field in my district that had long been without preaching, nor did the people seem to care for any meetings. It was a town of more than 300 inhabitants, and yet for years had been willing to be without the preaching of the Gospel. The people had been imposed upon by ministers who seemed to desire their money, and cared but little about doing good. Indeed, one of them proved to be a very bad man. It was a moral community, but there was scarcely a praying person in town. I felt that duty called me to go there and endeavor to awaken in them some religious thought. I had sent along my credentials, and arrived there one afternoon on foot. My plan was made known at several houses, but no invitation to stop was received. It was suggested that I should go to another part of the town. So with my baggage I tramped some two miles to a smaller district. After stating my errand, I was told that it would be better to go back to the larger district before having any meeting with them; afterward I could preach to them if I wished. So in the rain, the tramp back to the former

point was made, and just at dark, by actually begging, I was able to get a lodging. The next morning I visited the homes, told the people of the meetings, and invited them to come. Probably most of them looked upon me with suspicion, thinking me to be a minister who was hard up for a chance to preach and get a little money. A goodly number, however, came to the services. During the week I called upon the families, held several evening meetings, and found that some interest had been aroused. The next Sabbath I had large congregations, excellent singing, a generous collection for the Missionary Society, a most cordial invitation to come again, and I was assured that some steps must be taken to obtain a minister."

The seminary student is used to good advantage in the newer fields. Often the report comes back of a deep interest awakened—a Sunday-school established, a church organized, a chapel building projected, and the foundation for future progress well laid. In fact, most of the later churches in our State look back for their start to the faithful labors of earnest students.

The work of lady visitors is a strong arm in this same direction. They visit in the families, reach the women and children as at first the minister cannot, lead in song in the home, Sunday-school, and social gatherings, hold schoolhouse meetings, and in a variety of ways lead the community to desire more permanent worship.

Mrs. Sarah E. Foster has been a most excellent helper in this direction. She has wonderful tact in gathering the young people to her various services and holding their attention. The boys will leave even their game of ball to hear her stories of a better life. And on Sunday the older ones will come to hear the young people sing and recite, and to listen to her artless prayers, and expositions of the Word, and exhortations to accept the Gospel offers of salvation. In one of her fields she has secured the deed of a lot for a church building to the Maine Missionary Society

in trust. The people expect to erect and finish the house outside, and interested summer tourists have promised to finish and furnish the inside in every needed particular.

Trusting that these facts will give some idea, though not very adequate as a whole, of the home missionary work in this "away Down East" State of Maine, I submit them to the readers of *The Home Missionary*.

CHAPTER VI

Ye breezy bows of Bowdoin's Oak,
Sing low your summer rune;
In murmuring rhythmic tones respond
To every breath of June.

F. L. Mace

The circle narrows as we go,
But only here—
Comrades of youth to every heart most dear,
In the eternal realm we still shall know,
With a diviner knowledge than below.

Melville Weston Fuller

The dreams and faces of departed years
Grow dim as through a mist of unshed tears,
Starlight and scented silence and the thrill
Of softly whispered words that now are still,
Are only memories, sweet memories.

George H. Stover,
Class Day, 1903

Labuntur anni; let them go, old friends;
Instat senectus; welcome then, old age;
Et venit cita mors; why then Heaven sends
To call us home and end our pilgrimage.
But gliding years and age and death shall find
Us comrades still, our spirits young and free,
And in each heart a corner warm and kind
For all the honest lads of Fifty-three.

F. W. Richardson,
Waterville, '53

CHAPTER VI

Bowdoin College Reunions. Class of 1853.

Tenth—Fifteenth—Twentieth—Twenty-fifth—Thirtieth—Thirty-fifth—Fortieth—Forty-fifth Reunions—Memorial Address on William Henry Todd by Jonathan Edwards Adams at the Forty-fifth Reunion—Fiftieth Reunion with only Crosby, Fuller, and Langdon present of the six surviving members—Memorial Address on Jonathan Edwards Adams by John Leland Crosby.

My father's love for "Old Bowdoin" was unbounded. It was so lovingly termed in his day, perhaps from one of the current college songs, which my father taught me, as far back as I can remember, as follows:

It's a way we have at Old Bowdoin
It's a way we have at Old Bowdoin
It's a way we have at Old Bowdoin
To drive dull care away.

He was present at every important Reunion of the Class of '53, and missed very few Commencements. In 1888 Bowdoin College conferred upon him the degree of D.D., President Hyde saying to his classmate, John L. Crosby, at the time, that "no man by reason of service to the Maine churches had superior claims to the honor." In 1889 he was elected to the Board of Overseers.

At the Tenth Reunion, in 1863, Adams, Drew, Fuller, Goodenow, McKeen, Webb, and Wheeler were present. Fuller had served as Class Secretary for ten years, and following his resignation, Goodenow was elected to the office, which he held for the next five years.

In 1868, the Fifteenth Reunion found eight members present, Adams, Crosby, Downes, Goodenow, McKeen, Todd, Webb, and Wheeler. The following appears in the Secretary's Report: "We spoke affectionately of Drummond, of Puffer, of

Southgate, and of Kimball. 'They had all entered into the cloud.' With the lapse of fifteen years, a graver mood seemed to be coming upon us; yet neither new social ties nor the trammels of business were strong enough to keep us from gladly turning back to seek the friends, and revive the memories, of our college days." Wheeler was chosen Secretary, with instructions to send a circular to every living member, urging him to come to the Twentieth Reunion, with his wife, if possible.

The Report of the Twentieth Reunion, by Secretary Wheeler, was a work of art, a pamphlet of over one hundred pages, and containing the Chronological, Biographical, and Statistical Record of the Class for twenty years. It is beautifully illustrated by full page cuts of Bowdoin College, of members of the faculty, and of the Class of '53, at graduation, and again twenty years later. At this Twentieth Reunion, in 1873, there were present, Adams and Mrs. Adams, Crosby and Mrs. Crosby, Cummings, Drew, Emery, Fuller and Mrs. Fuller, Goodenow and Mrs. Goodenow, Langdon and Mrs. Langdon, McKeen and Mrs. McKeen, Place, Simonton and Mrs. Simonton, Spaulding, Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler, and Miss Nellie J. Kimball, the class baby. After the Reunion Supper, there was a splendid address by Secretary Wheeler. Among the various toasts, Adams made a response for "Our Ministers." The class then sung, to the tune of "Henley," a song by Fuller, in five stanzas. At the close, all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The Twenty-fifth Reunion, in 1878, was saddened by the death of its beloved Secretary, the brilliant and scholarly Wheeler, who had passed to the higher life, in 1874. "Eight members responded in person, and met at Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Wednesday evening, July 10th, *viz.*, Adams, Crosby, E. C. Cummings, Goodenow, Langdon, McKeen, Place, and Simonton. Letters of regret at their inability to be present were received from Downes, Emery, Fuller, McArthur, Pond, and

Todd. A telegram from Drew expressed, 'regrets for the dead and love for the living.' Spaulding, now absent in Europe, was freely exonerated, of course, for any neglect to answer the summons in person. His wife had considerably written, giving the reason for his non-appearance. After the Class Supper, each member present, on request of the Chairman, severally addressed the meeting, in words of faith and hope and sympathizing love. In reference to all departed classmates, but in an especial manner in reference to Wheeler did this sentiment attend us:—"

We feel their absence; but the dear immortals
We may believe in spirit with us yet,
Sending remembrance from the golden portals,
To pass within which is not to forget.

It was a somewhat "protracted meeting," extending from 10.30 in the evening, to 4 o'clock in the morning, but everything was done decently and in order.

"At the Thirtieth Reunion, in 1883, Adams responded for the Class of 1853 in warm and affectionate terms. He spoke with much feeling and gratitude, of the consideration and kindness he found extended to himself, then a man of mature years, on joining the Class, so many of whom were mere boys, with good impulses and good hearts, it is true, but with unformed characters, careless of the future, bent only on present enjoyment, and rather proud than otherwise of sowing the greatest quantity of wild oats. It proved a relief to his sensitive forebodings, when he found himself so freely and courteously received by the rest of us as a Freshman, 'in good and regular standing,' exactly the same as if he had been some eight or ten years younger at the date of entrance. And this friendly, generous, undiscriminating spirit was uniformly manifested to him throughout the college course. 'The soft and smoothing hand of time' long since has fully effaced from all our thoughts and feelings

any influence with which in those early days, the disparity of years may have affected them. His brotherly love for his classmates has grown and strengthened as the years have gone by. And these Class Reunions have been to him, among the pleasantest of the social enjoyments of his life. His professional work has been engrossing but agreeable. His family life and home relations are especially happy and inspiring. He spoke, with tender regret and eulogy, of those of our number who have passed beyond the veil; and, in conclusion, expressed his great satisfaction, that we all seem to him to be so earnestly and faithfully striving to act well our parts in this life, and his fervent hope and prayer that at its close we may all enter, with joy unspeakable, the mansions of heaven." (From the printed Report of the Thirtieth Reunion of the Class of '53.)

In 1888, at the Thirty-fifth Reunion, eight of the class answered to the roll call—viz., Adams, Crosby, Cummings, Drew, Fuller, Goodenow, Langdon, and Simonton. At this time, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Chief Justice Fuller, and that of D.D. on Secretary Adams.

The Fortieth Reunion was held in 1893, and nine of the eighteen surviving members were present—viz., Adams, Crosby, Cummings, Drew, Foss, Goodenow, Place, Simonton, and Spaulding. During the after-dinner exercises Crosby read an original poem, in the course of which he made this pleasing reference:

See Adams, God bless him, the bright-eyed D.D.,
It only befalls to the luckiest classes,
To show their religion in men such as he.

The Forty-fifth Reunion of the Class of 1853 was held in 1898. I am glad to be able to present, here, an account of this Forty-fifth Anniversary, in generous selections from the printed Report of the Class Secretary, John Leland Crosby:

“In response to notices, mailed by the Secretary to each surviving member of the Bowdoin Class of 1853, the forty-fifth anniversary of its graduation was observed by a reunion at Brunswick, Wednesday, June 22, 1898, at 7 p.m. at Room No. 5, Searles Science Building. The place had been decorated by the courtesy of the Superintendent of grounds, Mr. Simpson, with evergreens, including a wreath surrounding the figures “1853,” and the same thoughtful hand had suspended a fine portrait of our venerated President Woods, facing the table. The oaken case of books, to the purchase of which the bequest of our deceased classmate, Tucker, had been devoted, occupied a conspicuous position.

“After the Divine blessing had been invoked by Adams, a delicious repast, appetizingly served by the caterer, Mr. H. J. Given of Brunswick, received deserved attention. This was followed by the Secretary with a brief report of his official action since succeeding to the position made vacant by the decease of Goodenow, including allusions to the deaths occurring since the reunion of 1893, as also a detailed statement of the receipt of the Tucker bequest, and its disposition under direction of the class.

“The classmates present were Adams, Fuller, Place, Simon-ton and Crosby. Letters also were received from Drew, Emery, Foss, Kidder, Spaulding and Upham, so that of fourteen living (of the original thirty-three) eleven were either present in person, or by their renewed expression of fraternal interest. Letters were also read from Mrs. Annie L. Cummings and Mrs. Harriet T. Todd.”

Mrs. Cummings wrote: “I find these verses which I think must have been meant for your class meeting of this very year. Only the first draft appears and the date shows them to have been written the day before we left town last summer to go to Northeast Harbor. Of late years he always wondered if he

should return any whither. Clearly his heart was set on getting you to sing one more song for him living or dead! May you all be there! I heard him say he wanted to have you all here next summer, 'if he were here.' You know he loved the class infinitely."

"Just one more ode to end the age?"

Alack! the time so late!

Who heard the solar-century clock

When it struck ninety-eight?

"Eheu! fugaces"—how they fly—

The years of life's short span!

Yet, pass the years, or change the sky,

The man is still the man.

Peace to our dead—the honored dead,

Whose forms our visions fill,

And reverence to each good grey head,

Crowned with life's glory still.

The land's Chief Justice wears in strength

The ermine of the free:

Long may the Bishop keep his charge

Enthroned in Denver's see!

And Adams, venerable name,

Is with us here again,

Chief Pastor of the scattered flocks

Among the hills of Maine.

Joy in all homage duly paid

To those in places high;

Honor to every lowly task

In our great Master's eye.

One universal reign is ours,

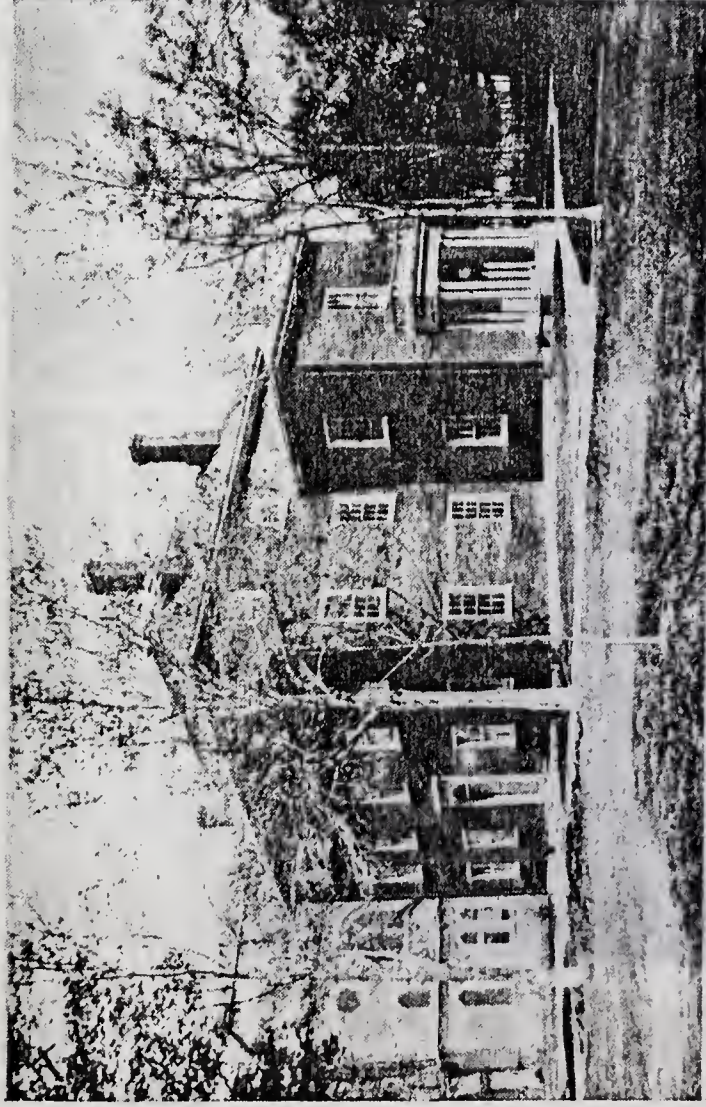
We wait Heaven's just decree;

Die when we may—yet live for aye,

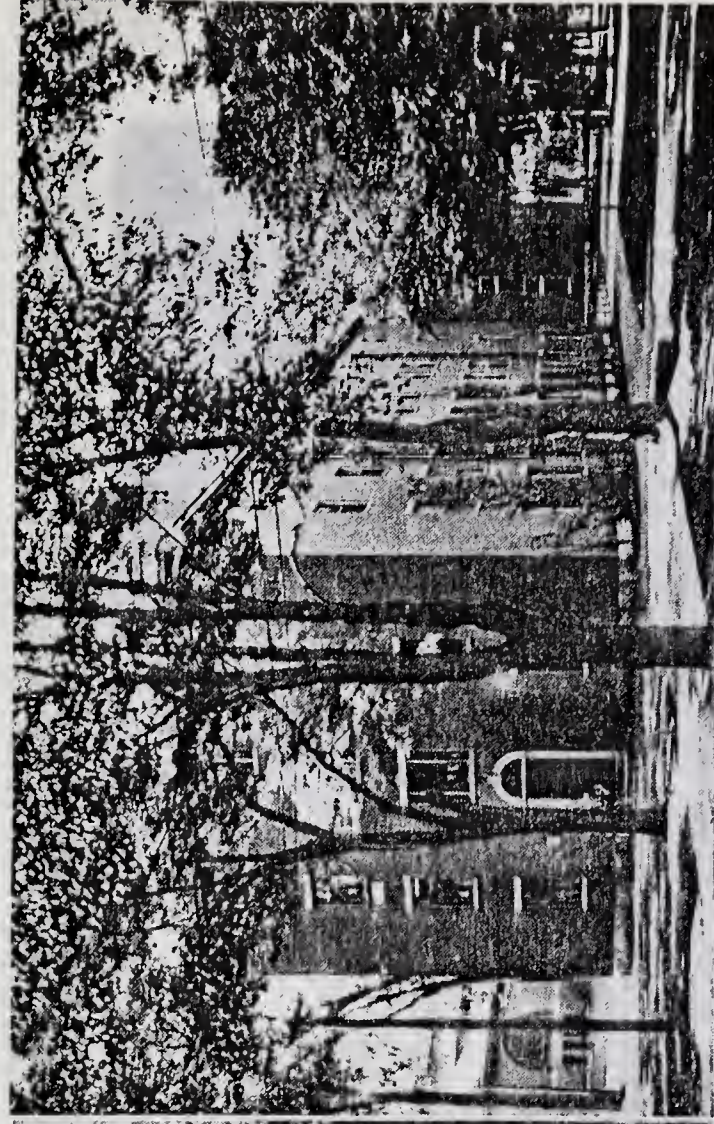
The Class of Fifty-Three!

E. C. C.

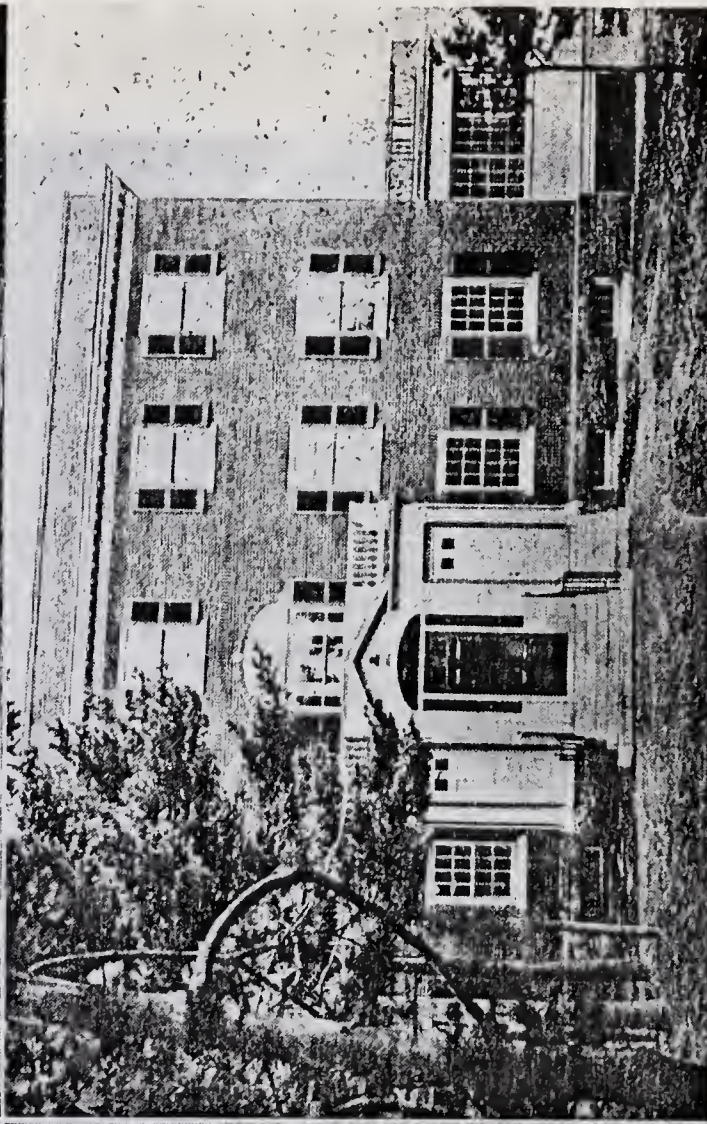
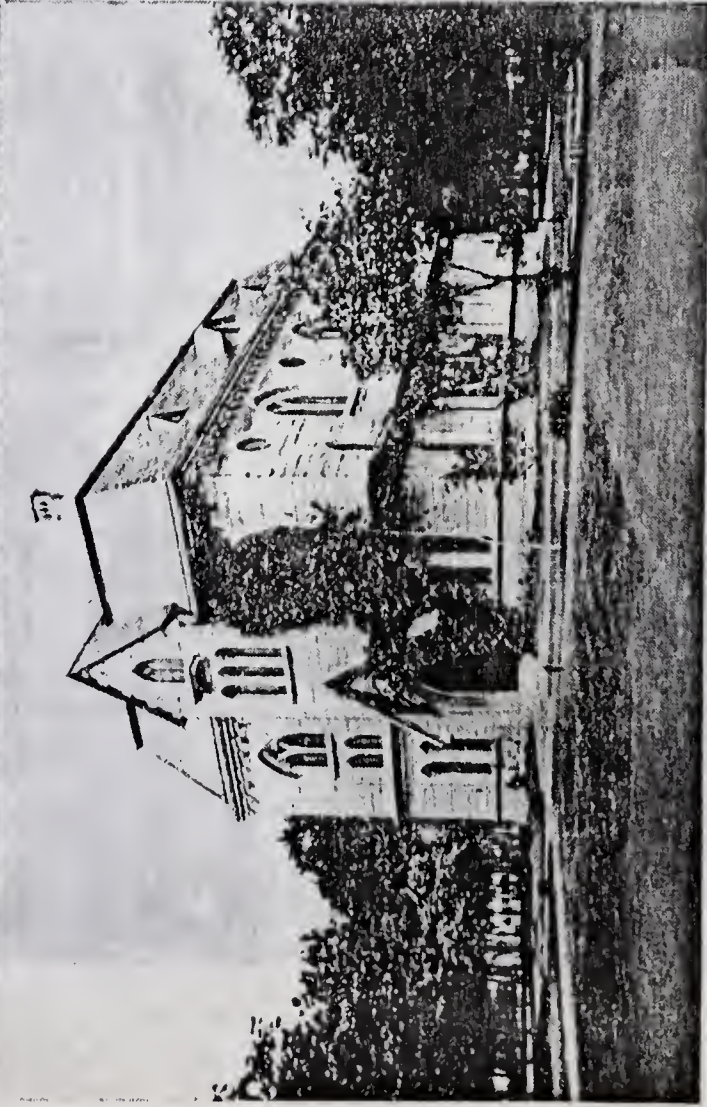
July 6, 1897



MASSACHUSETT'S HALL
MEMORIAL HALL



WINTHROP HALL
DUDLEY COE MEMORIAL INFIRMARY





BOWDOIN COLLEGE CHAPEL FROM THE ART BUILDING

Mrs. Todd wrote: "Being told of your desire for some word about the family of your old college friend Henry Todd, I willingly send it, knowing how fondly he cherished the memory of his Alma Mater. Please accept for yourself and classmates our kindest regards, for the sake of him we knew and loved."

The following vote was unanimously passed:

Resolved that we accept with grateful remembrance of our deceased brother, John Stacy Tucker, his thoughtful testamentary gift, bequeathed "To the Bowdoin class of 1853, to be paid to the class secretary, and used as the surviving members of the class may vote to use it." We cordially bear witness to his life of honorable industry, his high aims, his sincere sympathy for all good causes, unembittered by the adverse circumstances which forced the surrender of his early literary and professional plans. Believing that no use of this gift can be more in accordance with the clear intention of the giver, than its employment for the benefits of young men in the College of his early choice, whose benefits he but partially received, the Class of 1853 has caused the same to be expended for books relating to the fine arts, which are enclosed in a plain oaken case, and this day placed in the College Library, a tribute to his memory, and an expression of that affection of the Class to their College, in which he so fully shared.

Memorial papers, by Simonton in respect of Cummings, Fuller of Goodenow, Adams of Todd and Crosby of Tucker, were presented. Of these, the Memorial Address by Jonathan Edwards Adams on his classmate Todd, is here given in full, as follows:

WILLIAM HENRY TODD, Born June 19, 1832, Died October 7, 1894

"Gone the mates that with us trod."

Goodenow

"But they hover round, yes every one."

Crosby

It falls to my lot to say a word in regard to our very dear classmate William Henry Todd. Perhaps no one of the class is more familiar with his history than myself.

Quite strangely, I came to be his roommate for two terms of the Freshman year, through one of the Professors, and, as I understood, at the request of his father, for an older and sedate student to be a companion and kind of mentor to his young and possibly somewhat giddy son, I was led unwittingly to take possession of room 29, Appleton Hall, at the beginning of the winter term of 1850.

The young man was delayed for a few days. Wood was ordered and tugged to the upper floor, and the interloper settled down very much at ease, yet not without some misgivings as to the outcome of such trespassing. One day William Henry came marching into his room, and a more surprised man than he, or a more surprised man than I, you never saw. How is this? said he, and is this the giddy boy? thought I.—At once it was evident that some one had assumed too much. Explanations followed and humbly apologizing for the situation, I offered to retreat. Todd looked me over, and said "*hold on* we can get on some how, at least at present." It was evident that he was not "*the giddy boy*" and perhaps he found that his tramp-chum was not altogether the puritanic old fellow his mature looks might indicate. At any rate, from that time all seemed to be mutually agreeable, and a friendship sprang up which grew stronger to the end.

Todd was a man of most excellent principles. It may be said of him "he was well born," sprung from a noble Christian father and a gentle loving mother, he could be nothing less than he was, sincere, firm, reliable, manly, a true friend. He had the respect and love of all classmates and fellow students. Very soon he showed his independence of judgment, and purpose of life, by deciding upon his professional course at graduating, and going at once to Edinburgh, Scotland, for a thorough training.

In 1856 and 1857 he took his degrees with honor and returned to his old home. This much he had accomplished at the age of twenty-five. But he was a well rounded man in appearance and experience. He soon married Miss Mary Ellen Porter of Milltown, N. B., and at once entered upon his professional life, among his intimate friends and acquaintance.

His practice here is characterized in the biography of the class of 1853, as "Long drives, hard work and poor pay." And yet I know he was faithful, and diligent, and forbearing under all circumstances.

In March, 1860, a daughter, Ellen Huntington, was born; and in November of the same year his wife died of heart disease.

In 1862 he moved to St. Stephen, which gave him a more extensive and remunerative practice, and a wider field of usefulness. I think it was the place he had in mind when he decided to be a physician. At any rate he secured a comfortable home, and remained there for life. In 1863 he married again. Miss Hattie Topliff Houghton, was related to the first wife, and proved to be a most excellent successor to the first cherished companion. His professional business grew upon his hands, and he was more and more trusted both as physician and citizen. But the constant burning of the fires will consume the engine. Night and day practice at length told upon his naturally vigorous constitution, he yielded by degrees, and finally passed to the beyond.

He leaves a widow and daughter to mourn the loss of a most affectionate husband and father. I learn that the daughter, like the father, ready to sacrifice for the good of others, and inspired by the example of the Master, is about to go to India as a missionary teacher, under the direction of the Woman's Missionary Union. May God protect and bless this worthy daughter of the class of 1853.

Those who knew William Henry Todd best, loved him most. His was not a mere surface life, but like the kernel within the husk, the better part, almost the whole, was hidden. Quiet, almost retiring, he blew no trumpets, he gave no notice of his coming; but when he came, he brought with him something of real value, something to cheer the heart. His nearest friends knew that his loving acts proceeded from an inborn as well as cultivated kindness of soul. While he never openly made profession of religious faith, he manifested the highest regard for the faith and practice of his noble and sainted father and mother, and was always a liberal supporter of church ordinances. But his practical godliness appeared every day in his uniform consistency of life, in his manifest love for mankind, and in his constant benevolence to the poor among whom he practiced. I am told he answered to all calls, so long as he could, without reference to the fees. He remitted part, or the whole, of charges where payment might be a burden or impossible, and thus we may apply to him the recognition of the Great Physician, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me." How else shall we judge men but by their fruits. In the light of the fruitage of this life we must say, "Well done good and faithful servant." The words of the pastor of our noble classmate Webb—may well be applied to Todd. "Though he never *said* he was a Christian, yet his intimate friends have felt that, in this regard, his deeds spoke louder than his words, and that he had the power though not the form—the substance though not the sign."

He died at St. Stephen, N. B., Sunday, October 7, 1894, aged 62 years, 3 months and 19 days.

He has joined those of our members who passed on before him, and has since been joined by Goodenow and Cummings, dear and worthy companions. For them we mourn. But it is with

the hope of a blessed reunion, to which we look forward at no distant day. Already our ranks are sadly broken, and it will not be long before the last one of us living, will have it to say, "All are gone, and I alone am left to say *farewell classmates till we meet again.*"

Is this a gloomy view? Nay, what is more joyous, when one has been on a long, adventurous, and trying voyage, than to realize that he is nearing a peaceful harbor, for the home port; then he begins to take in sail and get ready the anchor which is to hold the ship forevermore.

Thus our classmate Todd closed his life voyage and entered into his rest. So may we, each in our turn, find the same blessed haven.

Requiescat in pace.

J. E. A.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of his class, in 1903, must have witnessed a saddened and sacred reunion of the three members present, Crosby, Fuller, and Langdon. There were only six known surviving members now, Carruthers and Emery could not be located, and Drew, Kidder, and McArthur were unable to attend. My honored and revered father, Jonathan Edwards Adams, on January 21, 1901, had passed to the Great Beyond. His classmate and roommate, Bishop John Franklin Spaulding, of Colorado, had died March 9, 1902. Thaddeus R. Simonton, one of the best loved by his class, had passed on April 30, 1903. His story of the *Thorndike Oak*, told at a gathering of the Alumni in 1879, inspired Mrs. Frances L. Mace, one of Maine's sweetest poets, to write the poem, commencing:

Ye breezy bows of Bowdoin's Oak,
Sing low your summer's rune;
In murmuring, rhythmic tones respond
To every breath of June.

The Memorial Address on Jonathan Edwards Adams was given by his beloved classmate, John Leland Crosby. This address is printed in full in the last chapter of this book, entitled, "In Memoriam." (See Chapter VIII, page 133.)

CHAPTER VII

WHEN SILENCE

When silence lays her finger
Upon the lips of life
And bids surcease to sorrow
And to the aimless strife,

When the patient hands are folded
And the work is put away,
How sweetly sounds the curfew
Of memory's olden day.

It calls us to the parting;
The evening now is come.
I say good night, beloved,
For I am going home.

To see again dear faces,
To clasp the vanished hand
That made the years so joyous
Only one could understand.

In Faith's sublime uplifting,
We childly go to rest:
How gently comes the slumber—
We know He knoweth best.

Edward H. Blake

Where we love is home,
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts.

O. W. Holmes

Stan. 5, Homesick in Heaven

There is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.

Sir Thos. Browne

Religio Medici, Pt. II, Sec. IX

And when she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Longfellow

Evangeline—I:I:62

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.

Carlyle

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.

Chateaubriand

To most men their early home is no more than the memory of their early years. The image is never marred. There's no disappointment in memory; and one's exaggerations are always on the good side.

George Eliot

CHAPTER VII

Closing Years at Bangor, Maine, 1895-1901. Happy Home Life.

A Minister's Family—Music in the Home—Tribute to my Mother, Lucy Cushing Adams—Tributes to my Brothers, Edwards Chase Adams and Frederic Winslow Adams—Blake Bequest of \$500,000 to Bowdoin College—Presentation Address by Frederic W. Adams, at the Bowdoin College Chapel, October 11, 1923—What Jonathan Edwards Adams' Life and Service Meant to Maine Congregationalism—His Noble Life—Translation to the Life Eternal.

WHEN Dr. Adams resigned as Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, in 1895, he was in his seventy-fourth year. After a long and arduous career in the service of the Maine churches, he was entitled to a well-earned rest. The closing years were spent in semi-retirement at his home in Bangor, Maine. He continued to preach occasionally, and his advice was often sought while he remained a Trustee of the Missionary Society, Treasurer of the Congregational Charitable Society, Trustee of Bangor Seminary, and Overseer of Bowdoin College.

October 19, 1897, my father preached the Sermon, and made the Ordaining Prayer, laying on the consecrated hands, at my Ordination, in Gorham, New Hampshire. In the fall of 1899 he attended the sessions of the International Council, in Boston, Massachusetts. I was with him at the time, and recall one remark he made concerning the preaching of one of the gifted delegates: "If I could preach like that, I would like to live to the age of Methusaleh!"

At the Thirtieth Reunion, in 1883, in his Response to the Toast for the Class of 1853, my father referred to his "family and home relations, as especially happy and inspiring." This was true indeed. It was an ideal Christian home. In 1861 he married Lucy Cushing Adams, daughter of Deacon Samuel Gray Adams,

THE HISTORY

The history of the world is a vast and complex subject, encompassing the lives of countless individuals and the events that have shaped our planet. From the earliest civilizations to the modern world, the story of humanity is one of constant change and growth. This book aims to provide a comprehensive overview of this history, from the dawn of time to the present day. It explores the major events, the lives of key figures, and the cultural and social developments that have defined our world. The book is written in a clear and engaging style, making it accessible to a wide range of readers. It is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history of the world.

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of Camden, Maine. They had five children, all sons. Two of the sons, Samuel Gray Adams, and Maurice Thwing Adams, died in infancy, and are buried beside my parents, in Camden, Maine. Father, Mother, and three sons remained an unbroken family circle till 1901. Then came the first break in that home of loved and sacred memories—my Father's death in his sleep, in the early morning of January 21, 1901, at his home in Bangor, Maine. It seemed rather, a translation or transition from life to the "life Elysian." In the words of a well-loved poet, a son of Bowdoin College, of whom she is justly proud, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow:

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

My father had enjoyed this uninterrupted happiness of home life to the very end. It was a minister's home. There was the minister's study—his Sanctum Sanctorum—lined with books. Who but a minister's son—especially one who followed in his father's and grandfather's steps, and entered the ministry, as the writer did—who but such a one, can fully appreciate the joy of browsing among the books of a minister's well-selected library? Then, too, there were *other* books, hundreds of them, all over the large, roomy house, in the ell of which, on the ground floor, was the study with a separate entrance.

There was music in that home, my father and mother blending their voices with the others in song; and with my mother at the piano, one of my dearest recollections is singing with her the old English songs and ballads, also our own American folk-songs. In their early boyhood the three sons took up the piano, the cornet, and the violin, and we had our own little orchestra, all in the family; moreover, one brother not only played the piano, but also the organ and clarionet.

My mother contributed a vast deal to that home. Her radiant, sweet Christian character, unfailing devotion to her family, social and personal charm, and loveliness are among my dearest memories. There was love and harmony in that home.

Lucy Cushing Adams was born February 16, 1834, an Adams of English Puritan and Pilgrim stock and so entirely distinct from my father's Scotch ancestry. Francis Adams was her ancestor, born in England in 1677, coming to Kingston, Massachusetts, in his youth, accompanied by his father, who soon died, leaving young Francis and his mother to make their way alone. It was a struggle in those days of privation and hardship, but Francis was of sturdy Puritan stock and became a useful and respected citizen. He prospered in the New World, and was worthy of his Puritan heritage—having a grandfather, Thomas Adams, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford in 1652 who was removed from Fellowship in 1662, for nonconformity, and went to London, and became prominent as a preacher and the author of several books.* Another ancestor was Richard Adams, a writer and Fellow of Brasenose College, later beneficed at St. Mildred's, Bread Street, London. He too changed to nonconformity, but continued to preach in London.

Francis Adams, the New England ancestor, a man of self-cultivation, had literary gifts, and some of his poems and epigrams are given in the Genealogy of the Adams Family of Kingston, Massachusetts. His son, Thomas Adams, born in 1709, married at Plymouth, Mass., Bathsheba Bradford, great-granddaughter of Gov. William Bradford. A grandson Joshua Adams, after marrying Nancy Gray, of Barnstable, Mass., was the first to settle in Maine, where he died at Thomaston, Maine, in 1856, at the age of 85. His son, Deacon Samuel Gray Adams, married Adeline Cushing, daughter of Benjamin Cushing, of Camden,

* His most notable works were his sermons and his Commentary on II Peter. Southey called him "the prose Shakespeare of Puritan theologians."

The second volume of the series is a history of the United States from 1789 to 1861. It is a history of the United States as it was, not as it might have been. It is a history of the United States as it was, not as it might have been. It is a history of the United States as it was, not as it might have been.

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The fourth volume of the series is a history of the United States from 1898 to 1914. It is a history of the United States as it was, not as it might have been. It is a history of the United States as it was, not as it might have been. It is a history of the United States as it was, not as it might have been.

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Maine, where thereafter they lived. He became a successful merchant, and was one of Camden's most respected and influential citizens. His wife was a Cushing, going back in her lineage to Matthew Cushing, of Hingham, Mass., first of the family in New England.

They had a family of the old New England type, ten children, four sons and six daughters. One of my mother's sisters, Sarah Johnson Adams, married Rev. Henry M. Parsons, D.D., for many years the minister of the Knox Presbyterian Church, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. They had one son, Halstead Cushing Parsons, who is now living in Toronto, Ontario. Two of my mother's brothers, Joshua Adams, named for his grandfather, and Benjamin Cushing Adams, named for his grandfather Cushing, were highly respected and leading citizens of Camden, Maine. Another sister of my mother, Cynthia Winslow Adams, married Dr. Elisha Hopkins, who was a surgeon of the G. A. R. during the *Civil War*. They came to Searsport to live, and were there during my father's pastorate; a married daughter, Mrs. Ella Adams (Hopkins) Sweetser, still resides in Searsport. The widow of Capt. David Adams, brother of my father, also lived there, with her daughter Antoinette, later Mrs. Capt. Charles Whittier, and a son, Charles Adams. Charles Adams lived for a while with my father, his uncle, in New Sharon, Maine. Now, all of that family are gone, save a daughter of Captain and Mrs. Whittier, Mrs. Ida Adams (Whittier) Duncan, still resident in Searsport. Thus there were family ties there, which added to the pleasure of the Searsport pastorate for both of my parents.

I have gone into some detail about my mother's lineage, as I feel there is just pride in an heritage from two fellows of Brasenose College, Oxford, later nonconformist preachers in London; also in the Cushing ancestry. Then, too, my father's lineage from the Scotch Covenanters and Presbyterian Elders, Revolutionary soldiers, and Congregational ministers from 1817,

may in no small measure account for his long and honorable service in Maine Congregationalism. The writer takes no small pride in bearing the Christian name of William, after William Adams, his father's Scotch ancestor, and the middle name of Cushing, from his mother's family.

As I am the last member of my father's family, I feel it is a duty as well as a privilege to record this historical and genealogical material, to give a suitable religious background of the life and services of Jonathan Edwards Adams. Also, I wish this to be a suitable Memorial for the children and grand-children of my two brothers, both having now passed to the Great Beyond.

And, here, I wish to pay my tribute to these brothers. The second break in our family came in the death of Edwards Chase Adams, May 12, 1904, in Bangor, Maine, at the age of thirty-eight. He was born in Searsport, Maine, October 6, 1865. On removal to Bangor, in 1876, he attended the public schools, including the high school, and then went into a mercantile career. But, from early years, music became an absorbing passion, and while he did not take up a musical career, his business was so arranged, that he could devote a large portion of his time to music. He took up the cornet in early youth, and advanced far in its mastery, so that for over twenty years, he was known locally and throughout the state as a cornet virtuoso. He was active in business, genial and lovable in disposition, and made hosts of friends. He was known and loved by all, young and old, and the city was profoundly moved by his early death. His widow, Mrs. Marie Frances (Taylor) Adams, who survived him many years, died suddenly, January 7, 1933, at her home in Bangor, Maine.

Two of the three sons, Jonathan E. and Raymond T. Adams are still living in Bangor, Maine. Harry T. Adams, the youngest son, died October 17, 1914, at the age of twelve. The oldest son,

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Jonathan Edwards Adams, 2d, was named for my father, and he also has a son, Jonathan Edwards Adams, 3d. But my brother Edwards, cut off in his early manhood by typhoid fever, did not live to see his grandchildren. Proud indeed would he have been, to have a son and grandson named for his father!

The next break in the family came in my dear mother's death, in 1908. After a most happy married life of forty years, at my father's death, in 1901, my mother continued to reside in Bangor, Maine. Seven years later, after a month's serious illness, at her home, 154 Essex Street, in her seventy-fifth year, March 12, 1908, she passed from the earthly to the Heavenly Home. Truly of her a loving son may say: "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed." And again, in the words attributed to Lincoln: "All that I am, I owe to my Angel Mother."

At the time of her death, Rev. L. D. Evans, for many years the pastor of the First Congregational Church, Camden, Maine, my mother's birthplace and girlhood home, paid her the following tribute, which I deem worthy of a place here:

Mrs. Adams was the widow of the late revered Rev. Jonathan E. Adams, D.D., of Bangor, for many years Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, and leaves two sons, Frederic W. Adams, Cashier of the Merchants National Bank, of Bangor, and Rev. William C. Adams, recently of Barnstable, Mass., besides four grandsons and two granddaughters.

On Friday afternoon (March 13, 1908), a large company of friends and neighbors gathered at the home of her son, Frederic, on Park View Avenue to pay their last loving tribute to the memory of one who through a long life of sweet and unselfish service has drawn to herself in a marked degree the love and respect of those who have chanced to come within the circle of her acquaintance. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Charles H. Cutler, of the First Church, and Rev. C. W. Collier, of the Hammond Street Church.

Mrs. Adams' death brings great sorrow to her Camden friends to whom she was very dear and with whom her frequent visits to the home town have kept her in touch, through all the years of her married life. Her family alone can know the full pain of the parting, but there are many among us who will sadly miss the joy and cheer of her occasional presence, and to whom the sunshine will be a little less bright that she is gone, for in her there was so rare and gra-

cious a blending of the Christian graces as are seldom met, and her mingled gentleness, consideration, self-denial, and trust have left in many hearts a fragrance that does not die.

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

AT REST

Last Saturday afternoon in the sunshine and stillness of a perfect March day, the body of Mrs. Lucy Cushing Adams was tenderly laid to rest in the home cemetery on Mountain street. A number of her friends, including some of her girlhood days, were present with the relatives for the simple service, which consisted of the reading of the Committal Service, and the offering of a prayer by Rev. L. D. Evans.

Mrs. Adams, who died at her home in Bangor, on the morning of March 12, was the oldest daughter of Deacon and Mrs. Samuel G. Adams, of this place (Camden), and here her girlhood days were spent. One brother and three sisters remain from the family, Joshua Adams, Mrs. Frederic Simonton, of Rockland, Mrs. Reuben Leland, and Miss Ella A. Adams of Camden.

From a Tribute by *Rev. L. D. Evans*, of Camden, Maine

Tribute of Secretary Harbutt at the Annual Meeting of the Maine Missionary Society, in 1908:

It is fitting too that mention should be made to the call home of one who was well known and held in the highest esteem by a large number of men of the middle life, in the ministry in this and other states. Mrs. Lucy Cushing Adams, widow of the late Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D., for so many years Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, died in Bangor on March 12th, after a short illness. During the many years that Dr. Adams was Secretary and not living far from the Theological Seminary in Bangor, a large number of men studying in that institution came to know Mrs. Adams and to fall under the spell of her cheery smile and encouraging words.

She came to be known also in many mission fields where she accompanied her husband on his tours, and where she carried her unfailing cheerfulness and genuine interest in the people and the work. That interest continued after the death of her husband in 1901 to the very last, and the world is poorer and heaven just so much richer because of the passing from one to the other of this modest, kindly soul who so well filled her place in life.

Secretary Harbutt

Although it is twenty-five years since my dear, sainted mother passed to the higher life, it seems but as yesterday. All through those years she has been to me an angel presence. I recall that in all the suffering incident to her last illness, she manifested an unfaltering courage, sublime faith, and unselfish thoughtfulness of others, that revealed the spiritual qualities, which characterized her whole beautiful life.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

She has come to the glorious fruition. Ours is the spiritual legacy, the precious heritage of her beautiful and consecrated life.

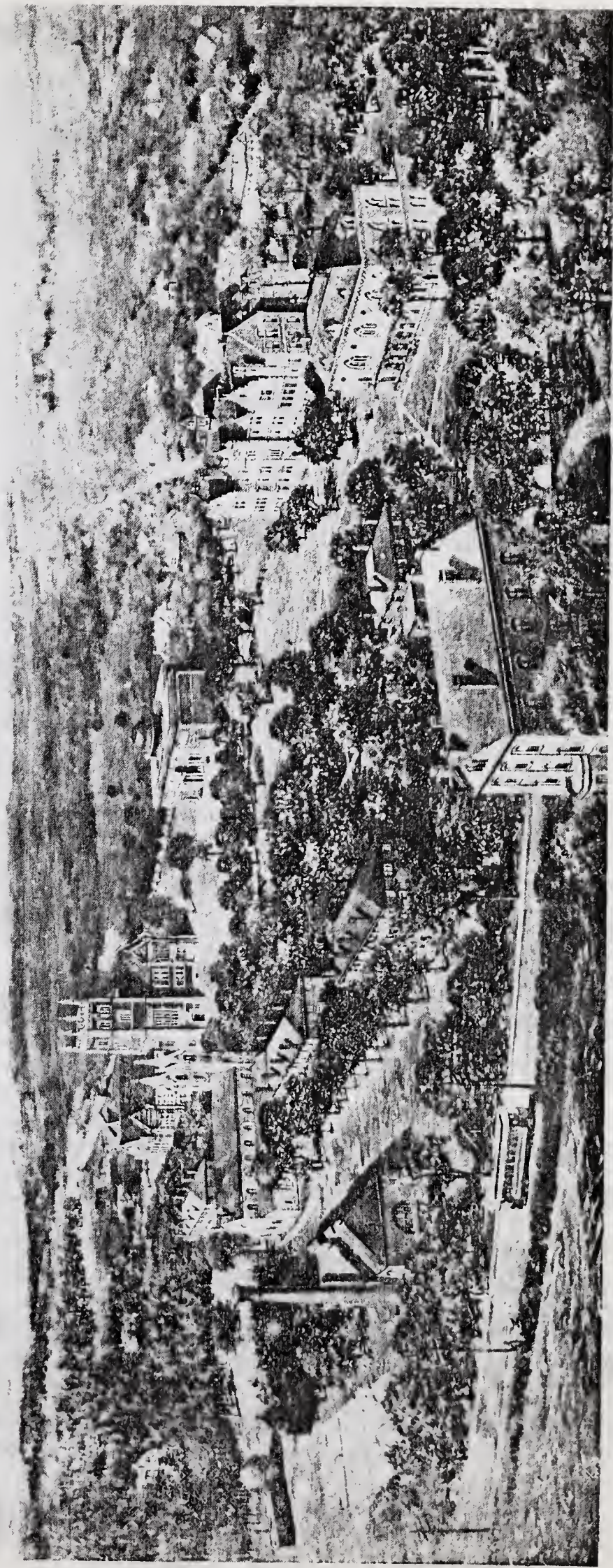
Then, for nearly twenty-five years, I enjoyed the blessed companionship of my remaining brother, Frederic Winslow Adams, who on July 3, 1932, passed on to the higher and eternal life. From my earliest years, over fifty years ago, now, he was in deed and in truth to me a loving and beloved elder brother.

Frederic Winslow Adams was born in Searsport, Maine, July 19, 1867. From the age of nine, 1876, when the family removed to Bangor, Maine, he ever after lived in that city. He attended the Bangor public schools, including the high school, and entered Bowdoin College in 1885, a member of the class of '89. On leaving college in 1887, he entered the employ of the Merchants National Bank, of Bangor, Maine. He was identified with this bank for over forty-five years. Starting at the lowest round of the ladder, and gradually working his way up through the position of Assistant Cashier, Cashier, and Vice-President, several years ago he became President of the bank, which has grown under his able management, to be one of the leading financial institutions in the State of Maine.

His life was one of extraordinary usefulness in business, civic, and fraternal affairs, and the many good deeds he accomplished will ever remain a lasting memorial to his fidelity and unselfish



FREDERIC WINSLOW ADAMS, A.M. (1867-1932)



BOWDOIN COLLEGE IN 1910

devotion to the finer values of life, and to the culture of the nobler qualities in his fellow men. He was an ideal citizen. Following his efforts and accomplishment in the interest of civic reform, Bowdoin College, in 1916, under President Hyde, conferred on him the honorary degree of A.M. (Master of Arts). Several years after receiving this degree, October 11, 1923, as the executor of the estate of the Hon. Edward H. Blake, for many years President of the Merchants National Bank, he had the great pleasure of presenting to Bowdoin College, then under the administration of President Sills, a check for \$500,000, representing the munificent bequest of Mr. Blake to his College.*

BLAKE WILL BEQUEST OF \$500,000 FORMALLY PRESENTED COLLEGE

Mr. Adams, of Bangor, Participates in Chapel Ceremony
Last Thursday—Largest Gift in History of College
Fittingly Observed

The College chapel was the scene of an impressive ceremony last Thursday morning when Mr. Frederic W. Adams of Bangor, as executor of the will of the late Edward H. Blake, presented President Sills with a check for \$500,000, the amount of Mr. Blake's bequest to the College. This is the largest single gift in the history of the College.

The presentation took place at the close of the usual chapel exercises. After President Sills and Mr. Adams had spoken the Doxology and the College Hymn were sung.

Introducing Mr. Adams, President Sills spoke as follows:

"Some months ago we were all thrilled to hear that in the will of Mr. Edward H. Blake of Bangor the College had been re-

* The following account of the proceedings, with the presentation speech, is from the *Bowdoin Orient* of October 17, 1923.

membered. Mr. Blake's legacy is in memory of his father, mother, uncle, and brother, the last two graduates of the College in the classes of 1827 and 1873. By this gift a famous Bowdoin name is perpetuated as is Mr. Blake's native city, Bangor, which has always been a stronghold of Bowdoin loyalty. Mr. Frederic Adams, as executor of the estate, has also shown his loyalty and devotion to the College by making it possible for us to receive this legacy months before it is legally due.

"This morning it is well for us to pause in remembrance of our many generous benefactors and to recognize the fact that it is only through them that we have what we possess today."

He then introduced Mr. Frederic W. Adams, who spoke to the students as follows:

"I should be sadly lacking in appreciation of my late friend and benefactor, who was also the friend and benefactor of the College, if I did not pay some tribute to him on this occasion. Words of praise and flattery would have been distasteful to him, and I shall use none. It is fitting, however, that I speak of his life.

"Mr. Blake was born in Bangor into a home of wealth and refinement. When he was still a boy he lost by death his father, mother, sister, and brother. He then turned to his uncle for guidance. His uncle, Samuel H. Blake, was a graduate of Bowdoin in the Class of 1827.

"Mr. Edward Blake was a lawyer of marked ability and a wonderful business man. His father, uncle and brother had all graduated from Bowdoin and it was only natural that he too should come here. After completing his course at the College, he graduated from the Albany Law School and then continued his studies for several years in Paris.

"Returning to Bangor he practiced law until his uncle's death in 1887, when he succeeded to the management of the large estate and of the Merchants National Bank of Bangor. This

bank, founded by Mr. Blake's father in 1850, had only three presidents in seventy-two years: his father, his uncle, and himself. It has always had an excellent reputation as a sound institution with conservative principles.

"Mr. Blake was a wonderful scholar. He studied all his life and even during his business life kept up his Latin and Greek. He was an accomplished linguist, speaking French, German, and Swedish and knowing also Spanish and Italian. He wrote graceful poems, many of which I am sure will live. He was a great lover of nature. When he acquired a large steam yacht he studied navigation and obtained an unlimited master's license for all tonnages and all waters. It is typical of him that he should do so well what was for him only a diversion. He was a lifelong lover of music. In his home was a pipe organ on which he was an accomplished performer. His use of English was such that it was a constant delight to converse with him.

"In leaving the legacy to Bowdoin Mr. Blake wished the sum to be so invested and the income so used as to preserve the memorial character of the gift. Bowdoin had always been a classical college and he believed that it ought to stick to the old lines of the sound classical education. He did not wish to hamper the trustees in any way, however, and made this simply as a suggestion.

"Mr. Blake's ideas of Bowdoin, I think, are well expressed in a poem which he himself wrote."

Mr. Adams then quoted a part of the poem, and continued:

"Bowdoin College is beginning to be ancient. Its roots are grounded in antiquity. Its graduates are scattered to the ends of the earth, there to spread the truth which the College has always tried to inculcate.

"Last Christmas I gave Mr. Blake a book called, *The Soul of the Bible*, containing the choicest scriptural passages. After his death I found it on his desk with a bookmark and a marked

passage. It was marked at a time when he knew that his end was near. The marked passage was that well-known one beginning 'Now we that are strong ought to help them that are weak—Bear ye one another's burdens.'

"Boys, you are soon to enter the arena of life. Mr. Blake's message to you today would be, I am sure, not to seek your own self interest and selfish advancement, but to bear the burdens of others. You may have the wisdom of Solomon and not win the respect of your fellow men. You may have the power of the German Kaiser William and not merit, as he did not, the respect of your meanest subject. 'Bear ye one another's burdens' and then you may deserve the respect that men will surely pay you.

"As executor of Mr. Blake's will, it gives me the greatest pleasure to present to President Sills this check for \$500,000. My hope, as it was Mr. Blake's hope, is that it may help the College to carry on in the future its splendid work of the past."

In accepting the gift, President Sills said:

"Speaking for the governing boards, I accept with great pleasure this check which represents the largest single gift in the history of the College. I can assure Mr. Adams that the College will live up to the trust imposed on it and that we shall hold both his name and that of our benefactor always in grateful remembrance."

My brother gave generously of both time and money to many local institutions in Bangor, the Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, Symphony House, the Church, and Bangor Theological Seminary. He was a member of All Souls Church, and took a great interest in the affairs of Bangor Seminary, especially in Convocation Week, which means so much to hundreds of ministers all over the state. For the past several years he gave unstintedly of his means, to guarantee the financial success of Convocation

Week, and also made a substantial bequest in his will for Bangor Seminary. He also remembered with generous bequests All Souls Church, the Good Samaritan Home, and the Symphony Orchestra, all of Bangor, Maine. In addition to these public bequests, my brother made loving and thoughtful provision for his kindred, near and remote, and also for many individuals in the circle of friendship. Thus, all the public bequests serve as a memorial to the noble spirit of philanthropy, which he ever manifested during his life, in gifts to many civic and religious charities.

He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Bangor Public Library, and was responsible for the establishment of the Music Library at Symphony House, and personally financed it for several years. He was a charter member of the Bangor Rotary Club, and was frequently called upon to give the address at their weekly meetings. He also occasionally gave an address at the Masonic Club, the Woman's Club, Church groups, and at Bangor Seminary. His subjects were generally historical and biographical, *e.g.*, Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Marshall, and others. To these addresses he gave careful study, and delivered them in such a clear, forcible style, that he was always heard with interest and attention. Sometimes he was called upon for addresses and lectures out of town. This was especially true of his Masonic lectures. He was greatly interested in Masonry, from the time he was raised a Master Mason, in St. Andrew's Lodge, of Bangor, March 21, 1890. In Masonry he became successively the head of all the orders of the York and Scottish rites, and received the thirty-third degree and honorary membership in the Supreme Council at Boston, Mass., September 18, 1906. He was crowned an active member on September 20, 1923, and served on many important committees in this Order of Masonry.

Another lifelong interest of my brother was *Music*, from his earliest boyhood, so that he became proficient in playing the piano, the organ, and was a master of the clarionet.

All in all he lived a most useful life. Often sought for his advice and wise counsel, of a generous and genial nature, with many of the finest social qualities, a genius for making friends, it is not far from the truth to say he was beloved by all who knew him, and his passing has left many a cherished memory.

I know no death, O Father,
Because I live in Thee:
Thy life it is which frees us
From death eternally.

He was survived by his widow, Mrs. Annie Ross (Baker) Adams, and by two married daughters, Mrs. Lucy Cushing (Adams) Ringwall, now living in Lakewood, Ohio; also, Mrs. Carolyn Winslow (Adams) Garland, of Bangor, Maine. A son, Stanley Baker Adams, after studying at Bowdoin College, and later being in the Senior Class at the University of Pennsylvania, enlisted in the Aviation Service during the World War, but, at its close, contracted Bright's disease, and died, April 2, 1920. Stanley Baker Adams was a most promising and lovable boy. Cut off in the flower of his youth, at the age of twenty-one, while still in the service, he made the supreme sacrifice for his country. To his sorrow-stricken father and mother, and to all his kin, his memory is indeed precious and blessed.

As my brother Edwards named his oldest son for my father, so my brother Frederic named his oldest daughter for my mother.

Now a few final words concerning my father, Jonathan Edwards Adams, the subject of this Memorial volume. Crowded memories come, when I think of his life as a whole, and of his influence in the service of Maine Congregationalism. Born April

29, 1822, and living till January 21, 1901, within a year and three months of four score years, his career ran throughout the Victorian era. Queen Victoria died in January, 1901, as I well remember, and England was mourning her queen. I believe the Victorian age was an era of great accomplishment. It is somewhat popular to minimize its value.

But, nevertheless, I believe it will go down in the centuries as a great era. It was an age of discovery, invention, creative genius, and a literature that bears comparison with that of any age. The nineteenth century saw the birth and development of the railroads, the invention of the telegraph, telephone, wireless communication, the electric light, and the adaptation of electricity, as well as steam, to various forms of locomotion, and industrial energy. In 1859 Darwin's *Origin of the Species* appeared, one of the greatest scientific treatises of all time. In literature, Scott, Goethe, Carlyle and Emerson, Tennyson and Browning, Austen, Brontë, Eliot, Dickens and Thackeray, Longfellow and Hawthorne, Poe and Whitman, are a few outstanding names in nineteenth century culture.

There were great statesmen in that era, Gladstone and John Bright in England, and in America Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Daniel Webster, and the immortal LINCOLN. The abolition of slavery, with the preservation of the Union, was the crowning national achievement of the century.

Religious progress, fostered by the Evangelism of Finney and Moody, was remarkable for its growth and development toward a Liberal Congregationalism of the type of Lyman Abbott and George A. Gordon. In the United States church membership increased from one-tenth or less, at the beginning of the century, to about one-third of the entire population, at the end. Church union and the breaking down of the walls of Sectarianism, much in the air in the last quarter of the century, received approval and popular acclaim. The Interdenomina-

tional Commission of Maine, in which Secretary Adams was deeply interested, was organized in 1891. It was initiated by President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, who became the first President of the Commission, and continued as such till his death in 1917.

How such pioneer leaders in interdenominational comity in Maine as President Hyde and Secretary Adams would have rejoiced to see the day of a United Church of Canada, and especially in the more recent union of the Congregational and Christian denominations. The service of Secretary Adams was always in the spirit of religious toleration and a broad fellowship. The Church Universal, the Church of the Living God, triumphant and eternal, claimed his undying loyalty.

The last Sunday of his life, January 20, 1901, a cold, bitter winter day, he attended service at the Hammond Street Congregational Church, to hear Secretary Harbutt speak on a subject, ever dear to his heart, the work of the Maine Missionary Society. The exertion proved too much for his strength. Sunday afternoon he rested on his couch, and retired that night trusting all would be well in the morning. In the early hours of Monday, January 21, 1901, in his sleep, the summons came, and without pain, he was called to the Higher Life. Like Valiant for Truth, in *Pilgrim's Progress*:

So He Passed Over, And All The Trumpets
Sounded For Him On The Other Side.

I have already referred to Professor Denio's tribute to his memory. At a memorial service he was one of the speakers. Another was his classmate at Bowdoin, Mr. John L. Crosby. Prof. J. S. Sewall, of Bangor Seminary, also participated and said: "Looking at the life of our friend Dr. Adams, certainly that was a complete life. He was a man of lovable disposition, a man of kindly nature, and always ready for any good deed."

At the centennial celebration of the Society, in 1907, in Williston Church, Portland, Maine, Rev. Smith Baker, D.D., the pastor, gave personal reminiscences of some of the Secretaries of the Maine Missionary Society. In commenting on Secretary Adams, he said: "He was the St. John of the secretaries—firm and decided in his opinions, but gentle and tender in his sympathies as a woman, with no excitement, no affectation, but with a kind, strong, reasonableness, conscientious as the Ten Commandments, prudent in his speech, he was a man to be trusted and loved. We who knew him in his student life found in him an elder brother, and every missionary found him thus to the end of his life. Of no one can it be more truly said, 'The memory of the just is blessed.' "

I can testify to the ideal home life to which my father contributed, and so much enjoyed. It was a home of high ideals, ethical values, culture and hospitality. Many of the clergy from all over the state, and some from outside New England were ever welcome to that hospitality. I could not but witness the high esteem in which he was held.

At the time of his death in 1901, Prof. L. L. Paine, of Bangor Theological Seminary, said of him; "Our city has lost one of its most respected, beloved and honored citizens. Dr. Adams was a man whose character was known and read of all men. In every walk of life he was the same, sincere, open-hearted Christian—'an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.' As I look back over an unbroken friendship of nearly twenty-five years, it seems like one long day of sunshine and good cheer."

In closing, the author of these reminiscences of the fourth Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D., would sum up in one sentence. He was to me an honored, loved, and revered father. Knowing his love for the people of Maine, also for her scenic beauties, from the hills

to the extensive seacoast, I like to think of him as finding his last resting place beside my mother, in beautiful Camden-by-the-sea.

CHAPTER VIII

FOREVER

Those we love truly never die,
Tho year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never change—
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of a love is death.

John Boyle O'Reilly

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distil'd:
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore

Farewell! Concluding lines

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

Emerson

FAITH

Higher than its source the fountain cannot rise.
And so it follows that all the best in man—
Nobility of soul—the sacrifice of self
Upon the altar of the greater good—
Must have its source in more exalted heights,
Made visible in the beatitude of faith.

Mark if you will the man of all the earth
Whom you regard the greatest of his kind;
Can you believe that in the universe,
No greater love or power than his exists?

Finite are we in all except our love,
And that is measure of the Infinite;
And from our love grows faith that falters not,
And faith itself is evidence of things unseen.

Let not thy heart be troubled! Is not
The evening star the morning star elsewhere?
Is not the angel with folded wings,
Both death and life—the evening and the dawn.

Edward H. Blake

CHAPTER VIII

In Memoriam. Memorial Services. Tributes and Letters.

The Memorial Service and Addresses in the Hammond Street Congregational Church, Bangor, Maine, January 27, 1901—Professor John S. Sewall's Memorial Address at the Annual Meeting of the Maine Missionary Society, September 24-26, 1901, at Bangor, Maine.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

I desire to preface this "In Memoriam" chapter, with a note of explanation. This chapter is essentially the "In Memoriam" book, that was issued soon after my father's death, in 1901. There are some additions, but I have retained the "Foreword," giving the reasons for the publication of the Memorial, at that time. The brief "Biographical Sketch" is also here, since I thought it would serve as a short recapitulation of the chief events in the life of Secretary Adams, which have been treated with considerable detail, in the course of the previous chapters of this present volume.

There has been added the Memorial Address of Prof. John S. Sewall, D.D., at the next annual meeting of the Maine Missionary Society, September 24-26, 1901, at the Hammond Street Congregational Church, Bangor, Maine, where, by a striking coincidence, the memorial service was held January 27, 1901, and also the same church Secretary Adams attended, January 20, 1901, the day before his death.

I would also call attention to the Memorial Address of his classmate, John Leland Crosby, at the service, January 27, 1901, for it is essentially, word for word, the same address given at the Fiftieth Reunion of Bowdoin '53, in 1903, at Brunswick, Maine. In Chapter VI—"College Reunions"—reference was made to this address, and to avoid duplication, it has been deemed best to place it in this "In Memoriam" chapter. Again,

I would call attention to the tribute of another classmate, Thaddeus R. Simonton, also placed here.

Once more it has seemed best to have here the selection from the article in *Scribner's Magazine* for July, 1893, by Col. A. H. Nickerson, to which I called attention in Chapter III, in connection with the two months' service in the United States Christian Commission in 1863.

Thus, I have tried to make this "In Memoriam" chapter a unit, practically the same, save a few additions, as when arranged by the author, in 1901. Other than these slight changes, Chapter VIII is a reprint of the original Memorial.

IN MEMORIAM
JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS

Born at Woolwich, Maine

April 29, 1822

Died at Bangor, Maine

January 21, 1901

FOREWORD

At his home, No. 17 Sixth St., Bangor, Me., about three o'clock on Monday morning, Jan. 21st, 1901, Jonathan Edwards Adams passed to the higher life in the heavenly world.

The last "Good Night" was spoken on Sabbath evening, Jan. 20th, and our father went to his rest to awake in the Eternal Sabbath of his Lord.

On Sunday morning he was in his usual health, and though the day was exceedingly cold, he felt able and desired to attend the service at the Hammond Street Church. The service was in behalf of the Maine Missionary Society, with an address by Rev. Charles Harbutt, of Portland, the present Secretary. The effort was quite a task. Through the afternoon and evening he felt somewhat indisposed, and lay down to rest, at intervals, in his

study. But no alarm was felt, though certain remedies were given, that were thought sufficient to restore his usual good health.

After the "Good Night" and retirement came the silence and the restful sleep. Suddenly with only the slight warning of a feeble sound, the spirit of our dear father was translated, and for him the heavenly life was begun.

The family circle was broken. There were left a wife, Mrs. Lucy Cushing Adams, and three sons, Edwards Chase, Frederic Winslow, and William Cushing, two other sons having died in infancy, Samuel Gray, and Maurice Thwing.

We publish this Memorial, for private distribution, containing a Biographical Sketch, the Memorial Service, and Tributes and Extracts, the latter from a few of the many letters, all of which were very comforting. It is to preserve some of these kind words for the use and comfort of ourselves and friends, that the mother and sons send out this token of love for him, who, we hope, will ever be a continued power and inspiration in the lives of the children, grandchildren, and many friends who knew his true Christian worth.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Jonathan Edwards Adams was born at Woolwich, Maine, April 29, 1822, the eldest of eight children of Rev. Jonathan and Hannah Antoinette (Clough) Adams. He was of Scotch Presbyterian descent, his great-grandfather, William Adams, having come to this country about 1721. Only one of the eight children now survives, Mrs. Enoch Chase, of North Edgecomb, Me. Rev. Jonathan Adams was the grandson of William, and the son of Dea. Samuel Adams, of Boothbay, Me. He was graduated from Middlebury College in 1812, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1815. His pastorates were at Woolwich, 1817-1832, at Deer Isle, 1832-1852, and at Boothbay, 1852-1858. He died at New Sharon in 1861.

The early life of Jonathan Edwards Adams, the subject of this brief sketch, was passed at Woolwich and Deer Isle, for which places and the people, he always retained a deep affection.

After preparatory studies at Hampden Academy and Phillips Academy, Andover, he entered Bowdoin College at 27, and graduated with the Class of 1853. Bowdoin, and especially the Class of '53, were ever objects of love and devotion; and the History of the College, and other books relating thereto, and minutely prepared pamphlets of the history and anniversaries of the Class of '53, were carefully treasured in his library.

During his college course he was principal of the Brunswick High School. At his graduation he became principal of the Academy at St. Stephen, N. B. Here he remained from 1853 to 1856. In 1856 he entered in advanced standing the middle class of Bangor Theological Seminary, and graduated in 1858. Of this class of eleven there are now only six surviving members.

The first pastorate was at New Sharon, Me., where he was ordained and installed over the Congregational Church, Oct. 19, 1859.

He was married May 7th, 1861, to Miss Lucy Cushing Adams, of Camden, Me. The eldest son, Samuel Gray Adams, was born Dec. 2d, 1862, but lived only till Sept. 24th, 1863.

In 1863 several months were spent in the service of the Christian Commission, with the Army of the Potomac, at Gettysburg and elsewhere.

He left New Sharon in 1864, and became pastor of the Congregational Church at Searsport, Me. Here twelve happy years were spent among a loving and beloved people. Four sons were born at Searsport, one of whom, Maurice Thwing, was born Nov. 12th, 1868, and died Aug. 31st, 1870.

In 1876 this pastorate was reluctantly left for a wider field of service, as Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. The family soon moved to Bangor, where our father's home has been

ever since. For nearly twenty years the cause of Home Missions in Maine was on his mind and heart, and continued to be of increasing interest, not only until his resignation of the Secretaryship in 1895, but up to the last moment. Indeed the last church service he attended on that last Sunday, Jan. 20th, was in the interest of the Maine Missionary Society.

He was Treasurer of the Maine Congregational Charitable Society from 1870, a period of thirty years.

The last five or six years were spent in quiet retirement, and semi-professional life, at his home on Sixth St. Here amid pleasant surroundings and kind friends, within easy distance of his beloved Seminary, and quietly working among the grapevines, and fruit trees, and garden of his own planting, and on the grounds beautified by his care, he enjoyed the peaceful fruitage of well spent years.

At this home the end came—with a sudden shock on that early winter morning for those who loved him best; but for him, we believe, it was a blessed awakening in the glories of the heavenly world.

With sad hearts we recall the tender and comforting service in the home, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 23d. It was conducted by our pastor, Rev. Henry L. Griffin, of the Hammond St. Church. The Scripture reading by Prof. F. B. Denio, D.D., of the Bangor Theological Seminary, embraced the following passages: Psalm 27:1; Nahum 1:7; Psalm 103:13-14; Isaiah 40:28-31; Psalm 27:14; John 11:25-26; Proverbs 27:1; Matt. 24:42-47; Psalm 24:3-5; Gal. 5:22-23; Gal. 6:8; Phil. 4:8; Wisdom of Sol. 4:1-2; Ecclesiasticus 25:3-6; Proverbs 16:31; John 14:1-6, 27; Rev. 7:9-17. Prof. J. S. Sewall, D.D., of the Seminary, spoke tender words of sympathy, and Rev. Henry L. Griffin offered an inspiring and helpful prayer. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. L. D. Evans, of Camden, Me. The whole service was very gratifying.

Friends looked on the face serene in death. The casket was borne to its carriage, and afterwards placed in the Receiving Tomb at Mount Hope. The pallbearers were Profs. C. J. H. Ropes, D.D., and F. B. Denio, D.D., of the Seminary, Hon. Galen C. Moses, of Bath, and Rev. Chas. Harbutt, of Portland, President and Secretary respectively of the Maine Missionary Society, Rev. L. D. Evans, of Camden, and John L. Crosby, Esq., of Bangor. The interment was, early in the spring, in the Adams family lot in the Cemetery at Camden, Me., where the two infant sons lie buried.

SHALL WE FIND THEM AT THE PORTALS?

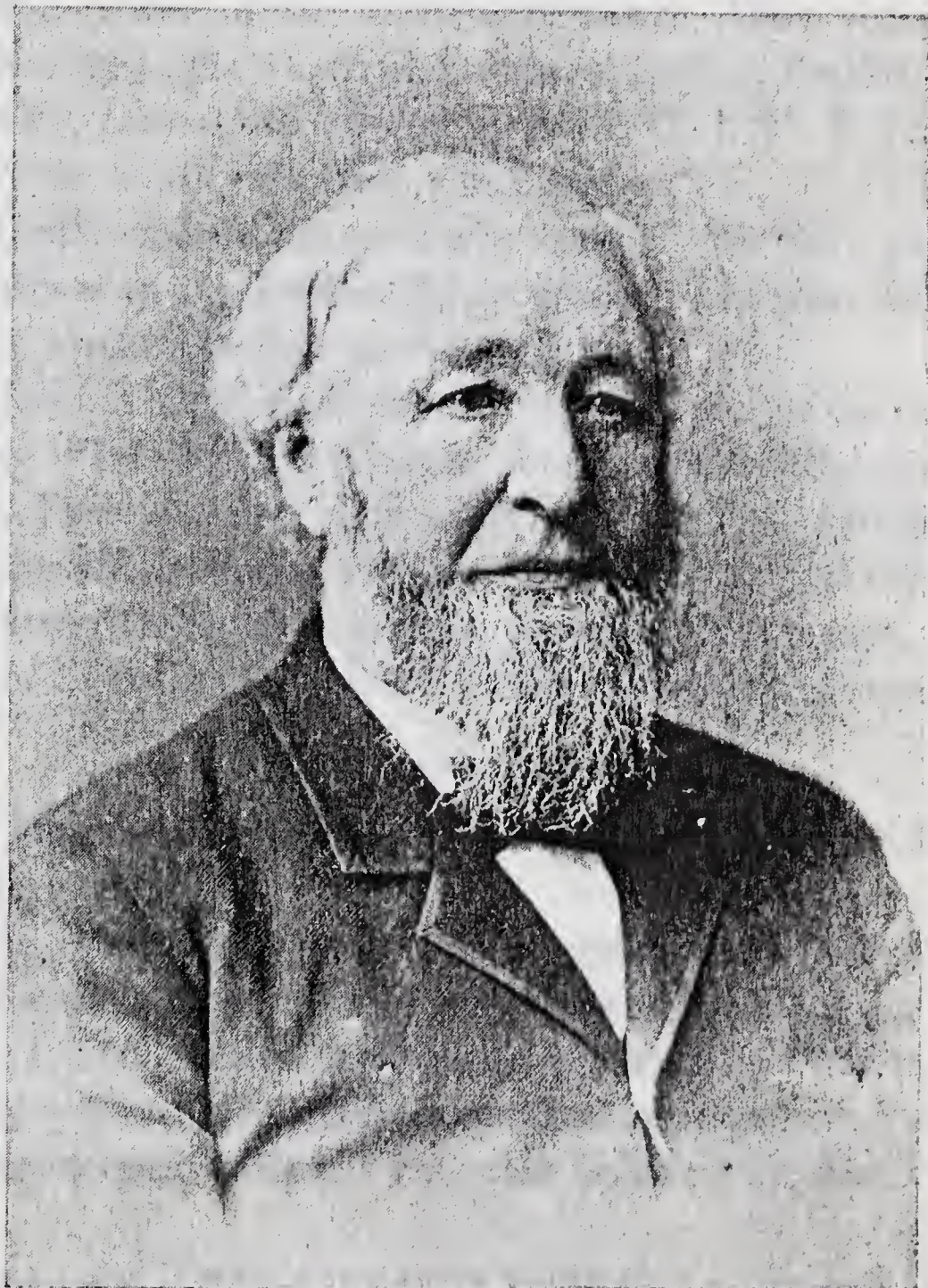
Will they meet us, cheer, and greet us,
 Those we loved, who've gone before?
 Shall we find them at the portals,
 Find our beautiful immortals,
 When we reach that radiant shore?

Hearts are broken for some token,
 That they live and love us yet;
 And we ask, can those who've left us,
 Of love's look and tone bereft us,
 Though in Heaven, can they forget?

And we often, as days soften,
 And comes out the evening star,
 Looking westward, sit and wonder,
 Whether when so far asunder
 They still know how dear they are?

Passed yon portals, our immortals,
 Those who walk with them in white,
 Do they mid their bliss, recall us,
 Know they, what events befall us,
 Will our coming wake delight?

They will meet us, cheer, and greet us,
 Those we've loved, who've gone before,
 We shall find them at the portals,
 Find our beautiful immortals,
 When we reach that radiant shore.



JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS, D.D.

In the Closing Years

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

A Memorial Service was held in the Hammond Street Congregational Church, Sunday evening, Jan. 27, 1901. Rev. Henry L. Griffin, pastor of the church, presided. After the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," and the Scripture reading, Psalms I, XV, and XXVI, prayer was offered by Prof. C. J. H. Ropes, followed by the hymn "Paradise, Oh Paradise."

Mr. Griffin opened the service by saying: "We have gathered to pay tribute to a preëminently good man—and what more can be said of a man than that he was good."

Mr. John L. Crosby was the first speaker, and he commenced by saying: "In 1849 thirty-three young men entered Bowdoin College. There are only eight of us now, and I have to speak to you of one of the dearest and best. I have not trusted myself to speak extemporaneously, because so many things rush to my mind that I hardly know where to stop and what not to say."

MR. CROSBY'S TRIBUTE

Rev. Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D., died at Bangor, Maine, January 21, 1901.

A little more than a year ago we assembled here to testify our regard for the memory of Rev. Dr. George W. Field, on which the dear friend, whose recent death saddened our hearts, said: "I probably knew Dr. Field earlier than any one here," adding with characteristic modesty: "not that he knew me, but I knew him."

So I may say, it was in my early youth that a lifelong friendship with Dr. Adams began and it is a joy and pride to have had a close friend in such a man for so many years.

The realization of his early desire for a liberal education was delayed by unfavorable conditions, and his youth and earlier manhood were employed in mercantile and nautical pursuits, until, at the age of 27 he entered Bowdoin College in the Class of 1853.

Referring to this period, at a recent meeting of his classmates, he said: "I hesitated about entering with you, I was so much older than most, but you never reminded me of it."

Indeed from the very first he came into all our hearts. His own was as young as any. He participated in our sports, as well as more important occupations, and while setting before us a daily example of faithful work and Christian living, he was never severely critical of those less considerate than himself. His influence, largely unconscious, was irresistible. A classmate, at his entrance skeptical, if not atheistic, but now and for many years a most devoted Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, said at a reunion of the class:

"Boys, you know I wasn't specially religious when I came to College, but I roomed with Adams. He never said much about it, but I couldn't get away from his example."

This spirit of charity and good fellowship indicated no lack in decision of character. On one occasion, when for some such grievance as students often imagine or exaggerate, the class, as a whole, absented themselves from recitation, the record reads: "Adams, being recalcitrant, was fastened into his room, but managed, with great difficulty, to get out, and went late to recitation. Who of us, today, does not honor him for doing so?"

Another instance illustrates his perseverance in duty as well as the early training of his sailor life. It was his daily task to ring the chapel bell for morning prayers. One night some persons removed the bell rope, congratulating themselves on escaping for once the disagreeable necessity for early rising. But they reckoned without their host, and in a few minutes the hated tones were pealing through the morning air, and they were responding, hurriedly dressed, to its call. Adams had climbed the tower, inside, nearly 100 feet, by shifting a short ladder from the sill of each window to the next, and so reached the bell. Forty years after we were speaking of it, and on my saying: "You could not

do that now," he replied: "Yes, I guess I could if there were a necessity for it." As a scholar he repeatedly received such appointments as are assigned to those of the highest rank, and he graduated with well-earned honors. During all his subsequent life, he retained an affectionate interest in his alma mater, and became a member of the board of overseers, receiving also the degree of Doctor of Divinity, President Hyde saying to me, that no man, by reason of service to the Maine churches, had superior claims to the honor.

During his college course, and for three succeeding years, he was engaged in teaching, that he might cancel obligations incurred for his education. His connection with the Theological Seminary at Bangor, both as student and trustee, and his pastoral experience, may be referred to by others. The period of his life, by which he will be most widely remembered, was passed as general secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. His election to this position, as successor to Rev. Stephen Thurston, whom he had previously succeeded as pastor at Searsport, was to him "a surprise."

With constitutional self-depreciation he undertook this work "with reluctance and many misgivings as to his qualifications for the place." No adequate measure can here be made of the devotion with which he entered this new field of labor. With deep Christian experience, inspired with love for the souls for whom he knew his Master died, no exertion was too great to put forth, no remote hamlet inaccessible to his untiring feet. Those who have shared in this work in Maine will readily recall St. Paul's catalogue of similar service: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea—the care of all the churches." His lamented classmate, Rev. E. C. Cummings, in a farewell ode, thus sang:

And Adams, venerable name,
Is with us here again,
Chief pastor of the scattered flocks,
Among the hills of Maine.

It may be eight years ago that on returning from a missionary visit to a remote district, in a severe snowstorm, he suffered exposure and exhaustion which seriously threatened that splendid constitution, which had borne him so well for three score years and ten. It became evident that the time was nearing when such constant and wearing service would no longer be prudent. At this stage in life, so trying to men of active temperament, when accustomed pursuits must be surrendered and favorite purposes sacrificed, it is hard to meet the inevitable with serenity. But our dear friend betrays no rebellious temper, utters no complaining murmur.

Hear his closing address in 1895, as ever, putting himself last, his work first: "I feel sure that a younger man, more vigorous in every way, is now needed to push the work. Sincerely grateful to all for their coöperation, forbearance, and sympathy, I now lay off the harness of care and work."

"But never can I forget the grand old society and the churches of Maine, to which has been given the best score of years in my life. * * * Let this be my benediction—The Lord bless the Maine Missionary Society and keep it, the Lord make His face to shine upon it, and be gracious unto it—the Lord lift up His countenance upon it and grant it peace."

The relief gained by retirement from official position was salutary. He was able to aid by advice and other service, eagerly sought by his successors and gracefully given.

His love for nature found fresh opportunities in his garden of beauty and by frequent resort to the shore of the sea, where his earliest memories lingered, and to which he returned with ever new delight. Whatever the special anxieties of the time, and there were such, they were never pressed upon the attention of his friends and only appeared in repeated expressions of un-failing confidence that his Heavenly Father would supply all his needs.

His friendly greeting, his cordial manners, attracted all who met him. Said a young man to me a few days since: "We boys always reckoned him the best man on the hill. We liked his apples and he always seemed to think that a part of them were ours."

Indeed we hardly thought of him as old, so firm his step and so radiant his smile. But one has said: "A hale old man is a tower undermined." And so, when we were least expecting,

Suddenly a gate was opened
Which we had not thought to see,
And he passed from out our vision,
Smiling still, but silently.

January 27, 1901

JOHN L. CROSBY

The next speaker was Prof. J. S. Sewall, and his remarks are here given, in substance.

I was a classmate, not in college, but here in the Seminary. We entered together the Class of 1858, and have been friends ever since that time, although my own settlement was in another state, and his here in Maine. During that time, we did not meet often, but we always kept up our knowledge of each other, and when we came together here in Bangor, resumed the old intercourse and friendship.

I have been thinking a great deal since his death, and in connection with the death of the Queen, too, and in connection with the death of our martyred missionaries out in China. We have all been thinking very much the same, but I have no doubt, reflecting upon life, its termination, its meaning, its significance; and I have been trying to define to myself what a completed life is.

Jonathan Adams' life is ended. Is it completed? We ask ourselves, oftentimes, when a person has gone from this world into the other: "What was the result of that life? Was it a complete, rounded life?"

The Queen rounded out a long term of service. We think of Gladstone, and some of our own men, Webster and Blaine—these men rose high along their own lines. Were they not completed lives? It seems as if Garfield was cut off in the very midst of life, a broken column. We often see that in cemeteries, over men much younger, but I do not like to see that kind of a token. It seems to me to have a little of the look of a lack of faith and confidence in God's wisdom. God knows when to take a man away, in young manhood or old age. And the question as to the completeness of a life, it seems to me, does not depend upon whether the life is short. It rather depends, whether that life is in touch with the source of all life, with God; whether the life is in union, in harmony with the will of God. It is then complete in accordance with the will of the Heavenly Father, and complete in its character and its aim; and then transferred to another world.

The completeness of a life depends upon the mission of that life, and the mission of that life is the thing for which our Heavenly Father determines that life, and if we accomplish the mission which God has given us in this world, then we are enabled, by the Spirit of God, to be in character and personality, in some degree what God meant we should be.

Today over in our Sunday school we had a Mission Service, founded upon a little pamphlet that is issued by the American Board. On the outside of the cover is given a picture of our martyred missionaries. It came so near to me, that it brought me to tears at once. I said to myself, "These lives have been completed, magnificently and gloriously." I looked them in the face, and though I could not see what sufferings or tortures or horrors they may have passed through in going to the Heavenly land, yet it seemed to me, I could see in those faces the consecration and beauty of purpose. I looked into those faces as if these were completed lives. I could not help thinking those lives were com-

plete, and such as will prove to be an inspiration to the churches at home.

Judged by that same criterion, in looking at the life of our friend Dr. Adams, certainly that was a completed life. He was a man of lovable disposition, a man of kindly nature, and always ready for any good deed. I do not wonder that those boys loved him, as he thought his apples were their apples.

You probably saw in the papers that sweet story told by the Christian Commission of how he walked ten miles in the blazing sun to find some potatoes for a sick comrade. This was the character of the man, the sweetness of his nature, the unselfishness of his nature, to make every effort for any fellow being who was in need.

You have been very happy in having such a man in your congregation as an example of service, which Mr. Crosby referred to—his service as pastor at New Sharon, and then at Searsport, and then called to the wider care of the other churches. He had a useful career as Overseer of Bowdoin College, as Trustee of our Seminary, and Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. It is certainly a complete life, not so much from his having reached his three score years and ten—almost four score—but complete by his having become what he was.

I have no doubt if he could speak to us, he would think it strange that the people of the church should think it worth while to gather together to commemorate him. I do think it worth our while.

I thought a great deal of him as entering the other world. We speculate a great deal about the other world, but when one of our dear friends goes into it, when the gateway opens and the gates are ajar, and we can almost look in, Heaven seems to come right down to us and lift us up, and as John Bunyan says in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, we almost think we are there too.

I wish I could follow him and see some of the wonderful sights now. I have no doubt Dr. Field was there to greet him; and also his old father; and there were some of his classmates—he was the third of our little class of eleven in the Seminary to die within ten months. Those other two classmates I have no doubt were there, to meet him and to greet him.

Most of all, I can imagine how he hastened to throw himself at the feet of his Saviour, and to touch the hem of his robe, whose name he had revered and loved, and whose Gospel he had preached. And in that blessed communion of spirits made perfect, and of his Saviour, we can think of him tonight.

Professor Denio was the last speaker, and said: My first memory of Dr. Adams goes back to the time when I was a Seminary student in another state, and communicated with him relative to coming into Maine and preaching at some Missionary church during the summer. But my first personal acquaintance began in 1879, when I came here, and very fortunately I met him. My intimacy with him began the following winter, when he was confined in his house with sciatica, incurred by reason of some of the exposures he had subjected himself to in his service for the Maine Missionary Society.

Very early in our acquaintance he showed his love for his father, saying his father graduated from the same Seminary as I did, and he referred to it a great many times during our intimacy. He seemed to take me into his heart all the more freely, because I had graduated from the same college his father had graduated from nearly one hundred years ago.

In our acquaintance he spoke quite a number of times about the event which ended his career as a seaman. He fell from the rigging of the vessel, in which he was a seaman, and received a severe injury, so great that it brought his life as a seaman to a close. And his life was so much in peril, that he always spoke of

living on borrowed time, the fact that he was spared being a reason for Christian service.

But my best knowledge of Dr. Adams was gained through association with him in his work as Treasurer of the Maine Charitable Society. He held that office for the last thirty years of his life, and during the last twelve or thirteen it was my good fortune to come into relationship with him through that.

The work of this Society is the work of gathering a few hundred dollars every year and apportioning it. When we began our work it was to the widows and daughters of ministers, who had not been able to leave their families comfortably provided for. But in the later years the work of the Society was enlarged to take in some assistance for ministers, who had passed their years of self-support. There were two things especially manifest in his administration of this work, one was his unfailing kindness, and the other was the tact with which he performed his duties.

Now it is a task of great delicacy to decide whether in this or that case help should be allowed or whether it should be denied. There have been about fifteen persons receiving aid. It has been a great lesson of what straight-forward kind-heartedness can do, and he esteemed it a great pleasure.

A few years ago, when he laid down the work of the Maine Missionary Society, he proposed to lay down this work, but it was thought he might just as well keep this work, and he did. The last day of his life, in the room over this, a week ago today, he met me with some word about one or two friends, to whom we had sent some money, year by year, and he has shown by the later months that this had filled his heart and mind.

When I think of Dr. Adams, of course it is these things I think of, the things I know best, where I came closest to him.

The lesson of kindness, of charity, of love, and of tact; these are things which very few of us know. And let me say, on the other hand, every person to whom he sent these checks from

time to time came to look upon him as a personal friend; and the letters he used to read to me at times, were full of personal thanks, feeling as though he had given the money out of his own pocket, for such was the heartiness and kindness that he did his work as an agent, that they felt it was his own work.

Prayer was then offered by Mr. Griffin, who pronounced the Benediction, after the following closing hymn:

For all the saints who from their labors rest—
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus be forever blest. Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way. Alleluia!

TRIBUTES AND EXTRACTS

FROM PROF. L. L. PAINE, D.D., BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

To the Editor of the *Commercial*:

Will you allow me to add to what Mr. Crosby has said so well, my own testimony concerning Dr. Adams who so suddenly departed this life early Monday morning. By his death our city has lost one of its most respected, beloved and honored citizens. Dr. Adams was a man whose character was known and read of all men. In every walk of life he was the same sincere, open-hearted Christian—"an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile."

It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with him from the time of his removal to Bangor. During his long, official connection with the Maine Missionary Society, I was thrown into very close relations with him, and I can testify to the complete devotion, wisdom, sagacity and patience with which he discharged his responsible duties. It was always a pleasure to counsel with him. He was never moody or depressed or out of humor, though often burdened, always ready to listen, to take as well as give.

It is something to remember with unusual satisfaction that, in all our frequent conferences on questions of every kind, sometimes perplexing and difficult of adjustment, no radical difference of judgment ever arose between us. I always left Dr. Adams' society with the feeling that it had been good to be with him; and as I look back over an unbroken friendship of nearly twenty-five years, it seems like one long day of sunshine and good cheer.

Dr. Adams was an absolutely true and steadfast man—true in his principles, in his convictions, in his friendships, and in all those ties that form the sweetest elements of life. But staunch as he was in all his fundamental beliefs, he was characterized by a genuine modesty. One did not always detect the fire that burned within him. But it could blaze forth, unexpectedly sometimes, when the occasion demanded it. There was deeply grounded in Dr. Adams' nature the instinct of moral courage. He did not veer with the chance winds of opinion around him, but calmly waited for the juster conclusions of reason and time. He was a man of naturally conservative temper, and he did not move suddenly, but it was most interesting to me to note how easily and kindly he accepted light of all kinds as it came to him from any quarter. He was essentially a man of open vision, of unquestioning, religious trust, and of large and ever enlarging Christian love.

The influence of such a man and of such a life in any community is full of benignity and blessing. Were I to seek the counterpart of our departed friend in a Biblical character, I should choose at once the prophet Samuel; and the words with which the Jewish historian Josephus closes his account of the Hebrew seer would equally apply to Dr. Adams: "He was a righteous man and gentle in his nature, and on that account he was very dear to God." For myself, as I close this brief and imperfect appreciation, I can from my heart adopt the words of

David's lament over Jonathan: "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me, my brother."

L. L. PAINE

Bangor Commercial, Jan. 22, 1901

FROM HON. T. R. SIMONTON, CAMDEN, ME.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards Adams, D.D., died very suddenly of apoplexy Monday morning, January 21st, at his home in Bangor. Dr. Adams was a native of Woolwich and eldest son of Rev. Jonathan Adams. During the forties, prior to his entering upon his course of studies, he was for a few years a resident of Camden acting as clerk in the dry goods store of Pendleton & Follansbee. In 1849 he entered Bowdoin College, graduating therefrom in 1853, with high rank for scholarship. After graduation he taught in the academy at St. Stephen, N. B., for about two years and then entered the middle class of the Theological Seminary at Bangor, graduating in 1858. In 1859 he was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in New Sharon and while pastor of that church was for several months in the service of the Christian Commission, at Alexandria, Washington, and Gettysburg. Returning to his pastorate in New Sharon, he remained there until 1864 when he received a call and succeeded Dr. Stephen Thurston in the First Congregational Church at Searsport. His pastorate there continued until he was called in 1877 to the position of General Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, in whose service he remained until obliged by reason of impaired health to resign from that arduous field of labor.

In his long pastorates at New Sharon and Searsport and in his latest and most important work as Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, his wonderful tact, ability, devotion to his high mission, pleasing address and broad Christian charity, won for him the sincere love and warm appreciation of all. He was for several years a member of the board of Overseers of Bowdoin College and a trustee of the Bangor Theological Seminary.

Dr. Adams was married in 1861, to Lucy Cushing Adams, eldest daughter of the late Deacon Samuel G. Adams of this place, by whom he had five sons, three of whom, Edwards Chase, Frederic Winslow and William Cushing, with his widow survive him.

The surviving members of his college class, who were natives of Maine, are Rev. William Carruthers, now resident in Holyoke, Mass.; John L. Crosby, Esq., Bank Treasurer, Bangor; Hon. William P. Drew, late U. S. Bank Examiner, Philadelphia; James Wallace Emery, teacher, Fort Worth, Texas; Hon. Melville Weston Fuller, Chief Justice U. S. Supreme Court, Washington, D. C.; Thaddeus Roberts Simonton, lawyer, Camden; Rt. Rev. John F. Spaulding, Bishop of Protestant Episcopal Church, Denver, Colorado.

At the last reunion of the Class of '53 in 1898, speaking of the passing from earth of our beloved classmates, Dr. Todd, Judge Goodenow and Professor Cummings, Dr. Adams said: "Is this a gloomy view? Nay. What is more joyous, when one has been on a long, adventurous and trying voyage, than to realize that he is nearing a peaceful harbor, for the home port; then he begins to take in sail and get ready the anchor which is to hold the ship forevermore." Such was the faith, "like an anchor to the soul," of our classmate who has joined the silent majority of the Class of '53, and with him we believe we shall meet again.

The circle narrows as we go,
But only here—
Comrades of youth to every heart most dear,
In the eternal realm we still shall know,
With a diviner knowledge than below.

T. R. SIMONTON

Camden Herald, Jan. 25, 1901

REV. JONATHAN E. ADAMS, D.D., BANGOR, ME.

Mr. Editor: Will you kindly permit me the privilege to express my esteem and love for "the man of God" who has just passed away at Bangor—the Rev. Jonathan E. Adams, D.D.? I have known him for nearly twenty-five years, and quite intimately for the last dozen years. My earliest recollections of him are those of a kind, genial, loving friend, and the years have only added sweetness to my first impressions of him. I was then at Bristol, Me., and he had just entered upon his duties as Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, and we frequently corresponded with each other. Those of us who have known him as Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, know with what devoted and self-sacrificing fidelity he served his Lord and church in this great field; and those of us who have known him as a personal friend, know well how loyal and true a friend he was. He was a man of remarkable purity of mind, heart and life. He knew no guile nor malice. His big heart was full of sympathy and kindness, and all coming in contact with him felt that they were in contact with a most lovable man and with a most sweet spirit. He was as gentle as a woman, yet in the cause of righteousness and truth, or humanity he could be the very lion. He was as strong in character as he was kind in heart. He was marked for his unselfishness, for his good judgment, for his convictions, and the courage to maintain them, and for his integrity and equity of character. He has lived to a good old age, a life of rare purity and usefulness, and has kept himself through it all unspotted from the world. His moral and Christian influence from his youth up has been saving and uplifting to all coming in contact with him, so his college friends and his ministerial friends gladly acknowledge. He hath good report of all men in private and public, and of the truth itself. He has lived a rich, round, full Christian life, and has come to its end "in a full age, like as

a shock of corn cometh in in its season." The world is much richer for Dr. Adams' having lived in it. Heaven is now enriched because of his presence there. We shall miss his visits to Camden, so will his relatives to whom he was so dear. The memory of the good Doctor will be sweet and fragrant as the rose for many years to his many friends and relatives in Camden and all over the state. "The God of all comforts comfort his bereaved wife and children, even as He comforted the good Doctor in his troubles and sorrows."

L. D. EVANS

Camden Herald

EVERYONE LOVED HIM

Camden Cor. Rockland Gazette

It was a great surprise to the many friends of Rev. Jonathan Edwards Adams to learn of his sudden death at his residence in Bangor at the age of seventy-eight years. His face has always been a familiar one in Camden, where he loved to stay and was always a welcome guest at the Adams homestead, the home of his wife, having married a daughter of the late Samuel G. Adams. His long ministerial career we will leave to those more intimately associated with him in his work. But we may be allowed to remark upon our knowledge of his personal character, of which it would be impossible to say too much. If one should select the dominant trait of Mr. Adams' personality, we should say that it was his kindness. His very face showed his pure and kindly soul. Everyone loved him because he loved all his fellow men. Nay! more than this he loved nature in all its visible forms — the birds, the open fields and all that dwelt therein. His religious faith was strong, and pure, and holy. His capacity for self-sacrifice was without bound. Always considerate and thoughtful of the troubles and trials of others, he was ever ready to assist the young by the counsel of experience. A finer example of uprightness, gentleness and patience under the most trying diffi-

culties we never knew, nor one to whom the epithet of "a sincere Christian" in its manifold acceptations might with greater truth be applied. The profession has lost in him one of whom they may be proud and who was in every way worthy of their veneration. We may write thus of him now that he has been taken from us. It would only have grieved his modest and gentle spirit to have done so had he been living. That we are not to see him here again occasions profound sorrow among his friends, but we may pay him the tribute of a memory untainted by a single thought that is not full of the serene beauty of his life, passing rich in its unselfish kindness, in its goodness, in its sincerity, and in its faith in God. Of no one could these lines be more truly applied: "Death never comes amiss to him prepared."

News, Jan. 24, 1901

DR. ADAMS' DEATH

REV. C. H. MERRILL, *Sec. Vermont Home Missionary Soc.*

The death of Dr. Adams in Bangor, Maine, Jan. 21, removes one who was for many years, as secretary of the State Missionary Society, closely identified with the interests of the churches of that commonwealth. His residence at Bangor brought him into near relations with the students in the Seminary, and many now in the ministry will remember him as having introduced them to their first fields of work. Of fine presence, pleasing address, affable, easy of approach, and with good executive ability, he filled his position with large measure of success. Since his retirement several years ago, he has kept in touch with the religious interests of the state, through special services to which he has been assigned. He attended church on Sunday the 20th, retired to rest, and was found in the morning lying peacefully, having been awakened to the fullness of life.

Vermont Home Missionary

HIS ARMY EXPERIENCES

News, Jan. 22, 1901

Regarding his service with the Army of the Potomac is a story told in a sketch "Two Visits to Gettysburg," published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1893, which is as follows:

In striking contrast with this was the course pursued by another wearer of the cloth—a stout, energetic man of about thirty-five years of age. As he never troubled me with any of the conundrums which others of his profession considered it their duty to propound to those of us who were loitering along the brink of eternity, it was some time before I knew that he was a minister of the Gospel. He never came into my tent that he did not do something for my comfort. Without being told he seemed to have an intuition of what was needed, and then off came his coat and the thing was done. One of the many bad features in my case was the utter distaste I had for anything in the way of food. Such nourishment as I did take was taken like any other medicine, because the surgeons prescribed it. Everyone who came to see me brought me something that they thought might tempt the appetite.

The Hon. and Colonel Levi Marsh, who was himself convalescing from wounds received at Antietam, made several journeys from his home at York, Pa., to Gettysburg, to bring me delicacies which would have been the delight of an epicure. One corner of the tent was literally packed with all sorts of canned provisions, baskets of champagne, native and foreign still wines and liquors of all kinds; and yet with the whimsical notions of a sick man, I had conceived the idea that there was nothing in the world I wanted or could eat except a roasted potato; and as it was said that there was not a potato to be had within miles of our camp, of course I wanted one more than ever.

I had long since ceased asking for them, but when food was mentioned that simple vegetable was the only thing that suggested itself to my mind. My clergyman friend was located with the Second Division hospital, some distance from ours, which was the Third Division, Second Corps. But he always came to see me at least once a day, and I had my tent flaps turned back so that I could watch for his coming. One very hot Sunday morning I caught sight of him coming considerably earlier than was his usual custom. His coat was thrown across his arm, and the perspiration was rolling down his face, but when he looked up and saw me watching his approach he swung a little bundle he had tied in his handkerchief, and exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of a boy, 'I've got them, captain, I've got them!' Sure enough he soon laid before me a dozen potatoes, two of which he immediately washed with his own hands and roasted in the ashes.

I saw Tiffany's collection of diamonds at the Centennial in 1876, and also the most notable display of jewels ever made by one person in this country, when the wife of a distinguished millionaire wore her gorgeous collection at a Presidential reception in the White House, not many years ago; and yet I have never seen any diamonds, rubies, sapphires, or pearls that were at all comparable with the exquisite beauty of that cluster of Irish potatoes, brought to me at Gettysburg, on Sunday morning, so many years ago, by the Rev. J. E. Adams of New Sharon, Me. He had walked in the broiling sun over ten miles to gratify an invalid's whim.

Up to this time he had never held any religious services in my tent. So while he was preparing another potato for one of my fellow-soldiers, I told the attendant that he might give my compliments to him and say that, as it was Sunday morning, I should be very glad if he could spare the time, to have him offer a prayer.

Certainly, he replied, when they told him, and walking over to my tent he laid aside his hat and knelt by my rude bunk. He was still without his coat, his sleeves were rolled up, and his hands were grimy with the ashes from his potato roast. His throat was bare of necktie, the collar thrown wide open, and great beads of perspiration stood on his broad forehead; but what a prayer! Like his works it was fervid, earnest and apropos. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten, and yet it appeared to be such a short prayer. A wounded Confederate soldier was lying in one corner of my tent, and knowing what firm friends we were now, our advocate at the bar of God used that circumstance as a basis of an appeal that these two whilom enemies, between whom there subsisted no real ground for enmity, might both live to see their country at peace. It was a grand appeal, bearing malice toward none and charity for all. When it was finished and the worthy man had gone, I felt as though I had been with one who walked arm in arm with the Master, and knew when and how to work as well as when and how to pray.

Scribner's, July, 1893

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO JOHN L. CROSBY, ESQ.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 2, 1901

My Dear Sir:

I received your letter of the 26th ult. with mingled feelings of sorrow and pleasure. Of sorrow, that our good soldier of the Cross, Dr. Adams, has passed away, and of pleasure that he was permitted to live to such a ripe old age.

My article, "Two Visits to Gettysburg" took no poetic license in its reference to the good doctor's course at Gettysburg. He was all that I described him to be, a worker as well as a preacher. He combined in his own person my ideal of what a clergyman should be; especially as he was situated with relation to the specimens of human misery with whom he was surrounded.

I can only thank you for remembering me in this connection, and beg of you that you convey to those who mourn him a message of heartfelt sympathy from one who saw and knew him at some of the supreme moments of his life, when he was a real "hero of Gettysburg."

Yours sincerely,

A. HOWETT NICKERSON

EXTRACT FROM BISHOP SPALDING'S LETTER

The Bangor paper, *The News*, containing an account of the death of your dear husband is just received. I hasten to express my deep sympathy. I have not seen him since the summer of 1893 in Camden, when we took some dinners together. He was my classmate at Bowdoin four years, and my roommate for two years, the Sophomore and Junior years. What a grand man he was. How much he was respected. How fond I was of him. We never had a word of disagreement. I loved him dearly and lament so much that we were so far separated. God bless you and comfort you.

FROM REV. E. P. TENNEY, D.D., TO PROF. J. S. SEWALL

I am distressed to hear of Adams' death, yet how beautiful it all is, this change from life to life. I loved him and prized him for qualities which the heavenly world may develop, yet it is not easy to think how he can soon become a better ministering angel than he has been to his friends, and to the Church of God, where he has been wise according to the wisdom of an angel.

FROM PRES. CHAS. F. THWING

I was very fond of your husband. He was the first pastor I remember, and my remembrance of him is of love, gentleness, graciousness, sympathy, and helpfulness. It is forty years now that I have known him, and have known him only to bless.

FROM PROF. HENRY L. CHAPMAN

I beg you to accept the assurance of my deep sympathy in your bereavement. Associated with Dr. Adams, as I have been, in several important relations, I could not fail to appreciate the nobility of his character, and I have cherished a warm personal regard for him. I have not known a truer man, or one whose life was more illumined by the gentleness and steadfastness of Christian faith.

A BISHOP CROWNED

No man of the past generation is more fully identified with Maine Congregationalism than was Rev. Dr. Jonathan E. Adams, whose sudden death at his Bangor home occurred Jan. 21. A Maine man by birth and education, his entire life work was in his beloved state. Graduating from Bowdoin College in 1853 and from Bangor Seminary in 1858, the interests of those institutions were always near his heart, while he has for years served upon the board of overseers of the college and as a valued trustee of the seminary.

Two pastorates, at New Sharon and Searsport, occupied his earlier ministry, and in 1876 he was called to be secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. For nearly twenty years, until compelled by failing health to relinquish the work, Dr. Adams administered his office with peculiar success. Few remote hamlets of the state were unacquainted with his friendly presence and wise counsel. During his administration Aroostook County was largely developed, and no other man was so influential as he in planting Congregational Churches in that great and growing region.

Dr. Adams was qualified in a marked degree for the Congregational bishopric of the state. Stalwart, genial, of sound judgment, tolerant yet firm, he was always a fine example of the true Christian gentleman. With these qualities was combined a

peculiar childlike simplicity, which impressed all who knew him with the fact that here was literally "a child of God." Many churches and homes from Kittery to Caribou, where his face was always loved, feel today a sense of personal loss.

His last five years were spent in the quiet of his home, yet by no means in idleness. He has been for years the treasurer of the Maine Congregational Charitable Society, and his connection with the missionary society as trustee has been much more than nominal, for his aid to his two successors in office has been invaluable. He could not have desired a different summons than that which came but fifteen hours after he returned from the last public service in his beloved Hammond Street Church, which singularly was in the interest of the missionary society.

D. P. HATCH
Congregationalist

FROM REV. CHARLES WHITTIER

Dear Mrs. Adams:

We were greatly grieved to learn of the sudden departure for "the better land" of your husband. He has of late seemed quite well, and I had hoped that he might be spared to us many years. He had so many interests still upon his hands, in Bowdoin College, in the Seminary, in the Missionary Society, that I did not look upon him as retired from active work. I have known him since away back to my Seminary life, but it was not till ten years ago, when I took the general missionary work, that I was brought into somewhat close relationship with him. In those years when I served the Society under his direction, there was the most perfect harmony; in fact, I cannot remember that he ever found the least fault with me. I could not help loving him as an elder brother. His record as a minister of Christ and a Secretary of the Missionary Society, is a noble one. Truly a standard bearer in

Israel has fallen. His last words at the State Conference at Augusta, seem to have been prophetic. I thank God that he has been spared to his family and to the churches so many years. You will be very lonely, and we shall all miss him so much. But for him death is gain.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES WHITTIER

RESOLUTIONS OF BIBLE CLASS OF HAMMOND STREET CHURCH

The members of the Bible class under the lead of Professor Walz, desire to express to Mrs. Adams the sense of loss which we feel in the death of Dr. Adams, who took such a deep interest in the class and helped us by his presence and words.

We wish to bear witness to the Christian character and unfailing kindness and courtesy of our friend. His presence was a benediction and his memory is cherished by us.

Permit us to express our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your sorrow and bereavement. Our prayer is that you may be comforted and sustained by God's presence and promise.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE TRUSTEES OF BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

The Trustees of Bangor Theological Seminary in affectionate remembrance of their late associate, the Rev. Jonathan E. Adams, D.D., desire to place on record their sense of personal bereavement in his death, and their appreciation of his constant and loyal devotion to the interests of the Seminary of which he was both an honored son and a faithful and esteemed trustee. The simplicity and unselfishness of his Christian character, the kindliness and constancy of his personal attachments, and his high ideal of service to his Master and to his fellowmen, gave a peculiar value to personal and official fellowship with him. His intimate relations with the churches of the state, and their con-

fidence in him, made his counsel in the deliberations of the Board specially esteemed, and it is with profound regret for their own loss, and with sympathy for his bereaved family, that his associates place this memorial minute of their regard upon their records.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
MAINE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, SEPT. 24-26, 1901, AT
BANGOR, MAINE

The feature of the morning was the Memorial Service held in memory of the late Rev. J. E. Adams, D.D., Secretary of the Missionary Society, and one of the most prominent and earnest workers of the association.

"Prayer was offered by Rev. L. D. Evans, of Camden, after which an eloquent and earnest address was delivered by Prof. John S. Sewall, D.D., of the Bangor Theological Seminary. Professor Sewall, after briefly reviewing the life history and work of Dr. Adams, closed with a glowing tribute to the truth and honesty, and noble, unright nature of the man. 'His great heart was always open,' said Professor Sewall, 'to all that was grand, beautiful and divine.'

"A favorite hymn of Dr. Adams was sung. As the big audience was upon its feet, and singing with all its might, the morning sunlight fell with dazzling brilliance through the many colors of the memorial windows in the church, and across the masses of green stuff, and folds of bunting draped before the altar. It was a beautiful and impressive scene—one that will long be remembered by those who witnessed it."

From an account in a Bangor Daily paper

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY

REV. JOHN S. SEWALL, D.D.

ON

REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS, D.D.

We commemorate a good man; a man whose most vigorous and effective years were devoted to the work and welfare of this Society. The last public service he attended was a meeting in its behalf, held in this, his own church, and led by one of his successors in office, Secretary Harbutt. At its close he returned to his home, and within less than twenty-four hours he left the earthly home for the heavenly. It is eminently fitting that a brief interval in these busy hours should be set apart and dedicated to his memory.

A good many elements entered into Dr. Adams' preparation for his work on earth. His Scotch Presbyterian ancestry gave him a good start. His training as a young sailor, his fidelity in college, his success as a teacher, his theological course at the seminary, and underlying all these, his devout and consecrated spirit as a Christian gave him a broad or sterling equipment for his work as a minister. He held two pastorates; six years in New Sharon, twelve years in Searsport; diversified by rich experiences in the army as a worker in the Christian Commission. All these in turn prepared him still further for what was to prove the crowning work of his life, his care of the missionary churches of Maine. It was the evolution of a Christian manhood. And the qualities of mind and heart which were thus gathered up from so many sources came out in ripened fruition in later life, and manifested themselves in that sagacity, patience, moral courage and practical wisdom with which he met the emergencies of his great task.

It was indeed a task—a blessed task, but burdensome. It is no sinecure—the office of secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. There is the general pastoral oversight of mission churches in all manner of situations, in all stages of growth or decadence, no two of them alike in size, material, numbers or resources, no two alike in past history or present condition. It requires a fine knowledge of human nature, an unlimited patience and skill to deal kindly and successfully with circumstances so diversified and sometimes so trying. In addition, there are the ever-changing variations and adjustments between pastors and people—old divisions to harmonize and old wounds to heal—wise counsel to be kept on draught for every kind of emergency—constant vigilance against friction with other churches and other denominations—constant outlook toward new enterprises that may bring the gospel to those who are without—anxious plying of the richer churches with motives that may stimulate them to more generous giving for the better achievement of all this good—the careful bookkeeping for each mission church—and withal, the constant fatigue of travel, and an enormous correspondence. In a word, to be secretary of this society is to be a missionary bishop; a bishopric without the name and the dignities, but with all the responsibility and labor.

This was the honorable and burdensome office to which Jonathan Adams was elected in 1876. The appointment took him by surprise, but he soon recognized the divine call, and addressed himself to the new service with courage. The history of those nineteen years of devoted labor is an unwritten history. It is known in heaven, and doubtless many shining incidents in it are treasured up in the hearts of multitudes who gratefully received his counsel and aid. We can celebrate it here by noting how he made his highest energies and his best virtues all work together in the service of the churches, and on the other hand, how that

very service drew out and developed his finest characteristics and made them more luminous and complete.

It is easy to recognize in his labor for this society a genuine Christian optimism. He was not blind to the darker side of things, and often had the darker side presented to him. But his cheerful temperament and his steady Christian faith kept him from giving way to depression. He was a sound, warm-hearted, even-tempered Christian; with a firm trust in God, and a reasonable confidence in the right instincts of his fellowmen; and so his equanimity was not easily disturbed.

Another fine quality in him was his sympathy. He could understand the conditions of bewildered or despairing churches, not simply from his general knowledge of ecclesiastical tides and current, or from his personal experience as pastor; but still more from his ability to put himself in their place. That gave him a sort of intuitive sense of just how they felt and just where the local inflammation had its centre. This fellowship of feeling enabled him to divine the situation in a given case with instinctive rapidity; while in actual trial and suffering it made him the almoner of divine consolations.

To these characteristics should be added firmness and sagacity: firmness when dealing with clients of a recalcitrant temper, or when from his own higher standpoint, wider knowledge and larger experience, he could judge of conditions more closely and more wisely than could those who were involved in them; on the other hand, sagacity, a wholesome practical wisdom which handled situations with clear insight and large common sense, and which oftentimes refined into a delicate tact. This last was finely manifested not only in his relations with the churches under the care of the society; but in the skill and kindliness with which, as treasurer of the Maine Charitable Society, he sent sunshine into many homes with its annual pittance of aid. And it is

worthy of remembrance that with his gathering years there came from his ripening experience a kind of benignity and fatherliness which added a still further charm to his kindly ministrations.

This brief outline of his qualities as the executive of the society would not give us a complete or true impression of the man, without calling to mind his more personal and private virtues.

Let me add then that he was a modest man. He was a clean, conscientious, devout man. Industrious, persevering, methodical and thorough, he was also well endowed with common sense, equanimity and poise. He was cheerful, of kindly disposition, warm in his friendships, tender and affectionate in the home circle. His fine qualities of taste and imagination appeared both in his appreciation of literature and in his love of nature. In all directions his warm heart was open to all things beautiful and grand, whether in the heavens above or in the waters beneath, in forest or mountain or cloud. The ocean especially held him in a sort of friendly fascination, doubtless a natural reminiscence of his early life on the sea.

Upon the ocean of eternity his bark has now sailed out and on to the haven of rest. As we contemplate his departure, his own words spring to our lips, as they were spoken to the beloved survivors of his college class at one of the last class meetings it was his privilege to attend. "What is more joyous," he said, "when one has been on a long, adventurous or trying voyage, than to realize that he is nearing a peaceful harbor, for the home port; then he begins to take in sail and get ready the anchor which is to hold the ship forevermore."

His voyage is ended now; the anchor is down; he has disembarked on the shining shore. We who remain bless God for his Christian life, for his faithful service, for his happy entrance into the ranks of the redeemed above.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

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